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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Fine Wool Breeders of Washtenaw County—The Country Around Saline—A Ride Across the Lodi Plains.

The past week we made a brief visit among the sheep breeders in the vicinity of Saline, and found them as lively and full of business as though they were the only fine sheep men in that famous sheep country. The ride from Ypsilanti, along the line of the Hillsdale & Southwestern Railroad, is through a rich and well settled country, with broad fields, neat farm houses and good barns and out-buildings. This becomes more general as the town of Saline is reached, a well built place, with clean, well-kept streets, and some elegant private residences. It is a very pretty little town, with a substantial air about it that suggests a prosperous history. Surrounded as it is by an old settled and rich country, with an intelligent community of farmers, Saline offers many attractions as a place of residence.

At the depot we found Mr. A. A. Wood in waiting, and in a short time were landed in front of his residence. Here we met a Mr. Pett, of California, formerly of Vermont, who yet retains sufficient of the Green Mountain air in his system to make a fine wool sheep the handsomest animal in the world to him. He is well posted in the history of the breed, and from a few of the purchases we saw him making, is quite able to hold his own in any company. He was purchasing a carload of rams for his California ranch, which, if they turn out well, will open up a new market for our breeders.

Mr. James Hoyt, who lives near, was selecting from Mr. Wood's flock ten registered ewes to add to a former purchase of fifteen head, which will give him a good start in thoroughbred. The ten rams selected were in lamb to Mr. Wood's stock ram. We also met a Mr. Rouse and his son, who were looking over the flock.

Mr. A. A. Wood is quite a young man, but "Artie," as he is called among sheep men, is a veteran sheep breeder. In fact this branch of the Wood family seems to take to the business as naturally as ducks to water. The foundation of his breeding flock is Rich and Bissell blood, all his breeding ewes, some 60 odd, tracing direct to those flocks. Over a year ago he purchased those parties 12 head of ewe lambs. They are now two years old, have done well in his hands, and are a fine party. His last purchase, from same parties, 10 breeding ewes, mostly of Rich blood, and served by the stock rams Rip Van Winkle and Banker. From these 10 he has had eight lambs so far, not losing a single one. His lambs are all coming in good shape. For the 22 head of breeding ewes and ewe lambs Mr. Wood paid \$2,300 cash, and yet thinks he got a bargain. These ewes are of large size, good strong legs, deep bodies, broad backs, and well covered with heavy fleeces of a fine quality of wool. Their heads are remarkably well covered, and the lot are so even in appearance that it is hard to distinguish one from the other.

At the head of his flock is the stock ram No. 48, known as the Sheldon Ram. He was sired by C. P. Crane's No. 3, and he by Eureka 3d. The dam of the Sheldon Ram was a ewe bred by Moses Sheldon from an Edgar Sanford ewe, sired by Dean's Little Wrinkley.

This ram has some fine stock to represent him in this State, among which is the remarkable yearling ram exhibited by Short & Hunter of Coldwater, at the late State Fair, where he took first premium. This ram, we understand, is to be exhibited and shown at the State shearing at Lansing this week.

Another stock is Rip Van Winkle No. 56, which Mr. Wood values very highly.

He was sired by H. Brookin's Rip Van Winkle 45, and his dam was by the old Deacon James Ram, No. 52, of the Vermont Register, and formerly owned by J. O. Hamilton and Geo. L. Payne; grand dam by Child's ram, Gold Dust 334. This ram has a very fine front, good neck and shoulders, a good back and capacious chest. He is a little faulty in his hind legs, which are hardly so straight as we would like to see them, but we do not think he has another weak point. His fleece must be a heavy one, as he has deep folds, put on in the right place, and covered from his nose to his hoofs. We expect to see this young ram at Lansing also.

A fine yearling ram, Wood's 138, sired by the Sheldon Ram, dam ewe 148 of the D. T. Holden flock, is a very promising youngster, for which Mr. Wood has had several very tempting offers. If he continues to develop as he has done in the past he will be good enough to show in any company.

A number of Mr. Wood's ewes had been sheared, and shearers were at work on the balance of the flock. It was a little chilly, but the sheep barn was very comfortable, and they did not appear to feel the loss of their heavy coats. This sheep barn is an excellent one, having a glass front that makes it very light and airy, while it can be made as warm as necessary. It looks out on a sloping yard, which is built up on cobble stone about two feet deep, over which the soil is packed. It is always dry and clean, and well protected.

After Mr. Wood's flock had been inspected, a buggy was brought around, and in company with Mr. Pett and Mr. Wood we started to visit some of the other farmers in the neighborhood.

The first stopping place was at Mr. Warner's, who has one of the neatest residences in the neighborhood. His barns are also excellent, and in the yard we found a nice flock of fine wools. His flock are from the Fred Farrington, Rollin Lane and O. A. Smith flocks of Vermont, with a few bred by H. W. Jones. These sheep were purchased by him from Mr. Wood. They showed good care, and had a fine crop of lambs as we have seen this season. Mr. Warner has a beautiful farm, well cultivated, and at the time of our visit he was preparing a fine stream which runs through a lot of trout, with which he intends stocking it. He promised us a trout dinner at our next visit.

Next we drove over to Mr. Fred C. Wood's, but he had just started off. The party took a look over his flock all the same, examined his sixty head of breeding ewes, and some lambs. Fred owns a half interest in both the Sheldon Ram and Rip Van Winkle, and has a good flock of ewes. The next stopping place was at Mr. J. S. Wood's—or "Uncle Jessup" as he is known all over the State. He is as hearty as ever, and gave us a warm welcome. He sold out his fine wools a few years ago, and proposed raising mutton sheep and combing wool, but, as he said, it did not take him long to get enough of that business. He has again got a nice flock of fine wools, and feels easier in his mind now. Thirty-six of his breeding ewes he purchased from A. A. Wood, and he is too experienced a sheep man to select poor ones. He is an excellent caretaker, as could be seen by looking over his flock. This season his breeding ewes got some rusty old straw, and he lost a number of his lambs in consequence. Mr. Wood is quite a feeder, and often brings in some nice steers to the Detroit market. At present he has a pair of steers and a heifer, grade Shorthorns, coming two years old, that are good ones. The steers weigh about twenty-three hundred and the heifer about eleven hundred. He thinks they will reach about sixteen hundred each in time for next Christmas. Here Mr. Pett "froze on to" some half dozen yearling rams as being just what he wanted for his ranch, and secured them.

The party then drove to Mr. G. Hoyt's and found him busy among his sheep. This flock was started with ewes from the flocks of E. J. & E. W. Hardy, of Oceola, Livingston Co., and A. A. Wood. Mr. Hoyt has been quite successful with his flock, and has some excellent sheep. Some of the original ewes of the Hardy flock, now well up in years, Mr. Hoyt said were very true breeders and have done well with him. In discussing fine wools, Mr. Hoyt said his first flock were common grades that would shear about four pounds per head. He commenced improving them by the use of good rams, and before he parted with them they were graded up so as to average 10 lbs per head. He then concluded that if thoroughbred would make such an improvement as this they were the sheep he wanted, and he cleared out his grade flock and purchased registered stock. Singular as it may seem to our New York correspondent, Mr. Doc Smead, he is more than satisfied with the change.

By the way, it would be a good thing for Mr. Smead to inquire among the sheep men of this section as to how mutton sheep have done with them. Mr. J. S. Wood's experience has been that of a good many others.

This ended up the day, and the shades of evening were shutting out the view as the party returned to Mr. Wood's residence with good appetites for a "square"



Hopeful's Dam.

BRED AND OWNED BY E. E. STICKNEY, EAST SHOREHAM, VT.

Hopeful was sired by Centennial; he by Fremont Jr.; he by Gen. Fremont. Dam, No. 104, by Fremont Jr.; g. d. by Rough and Ready. Hopeful was awarded the first prize as stock ram with ten of his get, also silver medal on flock, at the last Vermont State Fair.

meal, which we need not say was waiting them.

Next morning the same party drove over to Ann Arbor, crossing Lodi Plains, one of the finest agricultural sections in the State. A farmer who owns a farm in this section ought to be satisfied. The wheat looked very fine, not a very heavy growth, but green and vigorous, and thick on the ground. Did not see a poor field. At Ann Arbor we took the cars for Detroit, while Messrs. Pett and Wood started for W. E. Boyden's farm at Delhi Mills to secure a few more of "them sheep," and from the tenor of a note received from Will we should judge he got them.

MERINOS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Last year, at the annual shearing held by the State and the Ontario and Livingston Associations, we were glad to see present your agent, Mr. Ryan, and we were pleased with the report he gave us in the columns of your most excellent journal. And, by the way, I had the pleasure of spending a social evening with Mr. Ryan at the residence of J. C. Short, of Hemlock Lake, and while there I promised him to write an occasional letter to the FARMER, letting our Michigan friends know how we were getting on with our flocks. That I have thus far failed to keep my promise was not because the sheep interest among our breeders has been at a lower ebb than usual, for every breeder, whose flock I have visited during the winter, seemed to be thoroughly alive and full of enthusiasm, ready to talk "sheep, sheep, sheep" till the "sun went down" if you would talk with him.

I recently called upon John S. Beecher of Livonia Center, N. Y., to look over his flock of Merinos, and particularly to see and thoroughly examine two rams that have attracted much attention. You will see by the New York State Register that Mr. Beecher is one of the pioneer breeders of the State, having laid the foundation of his flock 30 years ago, by a purchase of some sheep from D. F. Button of Vermont. The Button sheep were pure descendants from flocks of Stephen Atwood and Consul Jarvis.

Mr. Beecher's flock at present consists of 50 breeding ewes, 20 yearling ewes, and 25 rams, yearlings and two-year olds, besides the stock rams Ruby's Boy, Banker and Silver Horns, all recorded in the N. Y. State Register.

The most prominent sheep in this flock, is the ram Ruby's Boy. In fleece and constitution he is a remarkable sheep. At one year old this ram sheared 14 lbs., second fleece last year at State shearing, tipped the scales at 35 lbs. and five oz., both fleeces were shown in public. Some of the wise ones said he would never beat his second fleece, that the fleece was a freak of nature, and that he had exhausted himself in producing it. But as I examined him closely, I was satisfied that 35 lbs. lacked several rounds of the top of the ladder, and told Mr. Beecher that Ruby's Boy would give him over 40 lbs. this year.

During the winter he has steadily grown in every direction till his present weight is 300 lbs., a perfect Hercules. With the development of his body his fleece has kept steady pace, and is of good length, very dense and completely saturated with oil.

Ruby's Boy is neither a plain or an excessively wrinkly sheep, but what we would call a medium, with a good face, well capped, straight bony legs, well set apart and well covered, and an under side that opens ripe. He is a mammoth sheep and will cut a mammoth fleece; two important requisites for a good Merino ram.

Ruby's boy was sired by the Bennett ram bred by Bennett Bros., (of whose flock I shall speak in a future letter), and by Charley 117, bred by E. Hammond. Dam of Ruby's Boy was Ruby; Ruby

was by Chub, he by Dean's Little Wrinkley. Ruby is now nine years old, and strong and robust, and will soon give Mr. B. another heavy shearer. Her fleece at six years old weighed 23 1/2 lbs; last four fleeces 82 1/2 lbs. But her last lamb Jumbo, one year old the 6th of this month, is the coming sheep for weight of carcass and fleece. If I mistake not, he will trouble the boys at the State shearing on the 25th and 26th. I venture the assertion that Jumbo will exceed the best record ever made by any yearling ram in this or any other State.

The first day of April, six days less than one year old, this ram weighed 170 lbs. A modest weight for a yearling. I dare not estimate his weight of fleece, but competent judges say not less than 30 lbs. Mr. Beecher has some other young rams that will bear inspection.

I next looked over the yearling ewes, and for the number they were a choice party, large and even in size, with backs and legs well wooded. I handled three of those fleeces on the under side cracked open as ripe as any one might wish. The breeding ewes were dropping their lambs, and strong, active fellows they were. Mr. B. said he had had good luck so far, and I thought from the strong, robust condition of his ewes, he had learned the true secret of success in saving lambs. (To begin in the early winter instead of spring). To have lambs come strong and right, breeding ewes should go into winter quarters in good heart and be kept in a steady, thriving condition till they are again returned to the green pasture.

Want of exercise, confinement in narrow quarters, rushing pell mell and wedging into narrow door-ways, crowded against sharp rack corners, blanketing and over-feeding to be kept in show condition; this kind of treatment, and all the other artificial tinkering so commonly practiced by many of our best sheep men, is often the real cause of bad luck with the lamb crop. I venture the statement that any flockmaster who forces his ewes and stock rams up to that high condition of fit necessary to carry off the ribbons at an exhibition, will lose in the lamb crop many times the value of the laurels he has won.

I have also had the pleasure of looking over the Merinos of J. C. Short, of Hemlock Lake, N. Y., and had a long talk with him in regard to their history. If there be any advantage in remote origin, this flock have got it. In 1834, the late Josiah Short, father of J. C., laid the foundation of the present flock by the purchase of ten ewes brought from Long Island, and said to be from the flocks of A. Cook and Burdell.

With the exception of the flock of V. Rich, of Vermont, that came from Long Island in 1823, Mr. Short's sheep are the oldest flock of pure bred Merinos in the United States. Mr. Short was born one year after his father established the flock, so they have been bred by father and son for 59 years.

From what I know of Mr. Short as a "care-taker" and skillful breeder, and from what I have heard of his father, the late Josiah Short, I am sure a flock of Merinos could not have fallen into better hands. Mr. S. is a great admirer of a good sheep, and I have been told that his father, forty years ago, was far in advance of his time as to what constituted a model Merino.

In that early day when most of the best flocks of the country were light in fleece, small in bone and carcass, and of a low grade, stock rams were eagerly sought for from this flock at strong prices.

Mr. Short's present flock consists of 85 breeding ewes, 23 yearling ewes, and the stock rams Golden, Banker, Silver Horns and Crockett. The breeding ewes are large and even in size, and have a strong family resemblance, well covered on face and legs, most of them have two good ends with masculine, heavy-folded necks. The ram Golden, sired by Crockett, is the most attractive figure in the sheep, barn,

and he is attractive to any one who has an eye for a choice model. Mr. S. told me he intended to have him sketched, and I think if the artist can't secure a good picture from this sheep without drawing on his imagination, he had better lay his art aside. Golden is three years old and weighs 184 pounds, he has a broad, short, straight back, "quarters long and well filled up," ribs nicely arched, heavy shoulder wrinkle, heavy, pendulous dewlap hanging from a short, strong neck, and as for a short, bull-dog head and a bright, nicely curved horn, I never have seen his superior in Vermont or any other State.

This ram is not as rich in fleece as Banker, but Mr. Short says he will cross Golden on his Banker ewes, and thus secure the grand result of a rich fleece on a choice model.

The secretary has announced the next State shearing to be held at Avon, on the 25th and 26th of April. The Ontario and Livingston County shearing will be held at Honeoye, May 2d and 3d. Hoping to see present some of the staff of your excellent journal, I am, respectfully,

J. D. SULLIVAN.

LIVONIA CENTER, N. Y., April 9th, 1883.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

At Romeo, Macomb County.

The third annual sheep shearing exhibition of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association will be held in the village of Romeo, on Thursday, May 3, 1883. Shearing commences at 8 A. M. Competition open to the world. There is always a fine exhibition of sheep at the shearing of this Society, and we hope to see it better this year than ever before. Macomb County has the sheep if her breeders will bring them out. Particulars may be learned by addressing the Secretary, Mr. C. J. Phillips, Romeo.

Ontario and Livingston, N. Y. Shearing. The fifteenth annual show and shearing of the Ontario and Livingston Sheep-Breeders' Association, will be held at Honeoye, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2d and 3d, 1883.

CHAS. R. CASE, President.

CHAS. E. REED, Secretary.

Notes from Van Buren County.

BREEDSVILLE, Van Buren Co., April 9, '83.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Seeing frequent extracts from your paper in other agricultural papers, reminds me that perhaps an item from "the great fruit growing centre of Michigan" may be of interest to your numerous readers. I drop you one:

We have had a long, tedious winter for lumbering. A large stock has been yarded and mills are very busy. This is the fruit county of the State, in all respects, climate, soil, water, markets, railroad and steam-boat facilities make it rank A No. 1. The fruit buds are all right and prospects good for a big crop. The wheat does not look as favorable as we should like; the late freezing and thawing has injured the tops, the roots don't seem to be much injured. March was fair but April has been cold and raw, and freezing nights have been bad for wheat and grass—no plowing yet.

Stock of grain on hand is large, prices ruling low. Farmers will hold a large supply until the future of the wheat and corn crops is assured. Although last spring was late and backward, there was a heavy crop of corn, well matured and husked. Crops are well filled yet and prices low.

Corn, 40c; oats, 35c; wheat, 95c; hay, \$10; butter, 18c; eggs, 15c. We had two inches new snow on the 7th inst.—old snow all gone.

VAN BUREN. Flint wants a sugar refinery, and the Globe thinks 5,000 acres of amber cane would be planted within a radius of ten miles from the city if it had one.

and dirt, when they only want the three-quarters of a pound of wool that it contains. The day is not far distant when sheep will be shorn unwashed, and the wool secured before it leaves the State in which it was sheared. Wool-growers will then be able to sell their wool on its merits.

Stock Notes.

Mr. JAMES MOORE, of Milford, Oakland County, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To Mr. Hackley, of Alamo, the bull Young Victor, out of Louisa, by Victor 4120.

To John L. Andrews, of Milford, bull calf by Duke of Lexington 25163, dam Gittie 2d—a Stapleton Lass.

Mr. W. C. WILSON, of Wilcox, Oakland County, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To Frank Weidman, Owosso, Mich., bull calf Prince Aldrie, by Prince Aldrie of Sharon, out of Princess Lou 8th (Vol. 23, p. 1864 A. H. B.), by Poppy's Duke of Aldrie 2740.

To same party, cow Lady Helen A., by Corporal 2d out of Lady Helen Mar (Vol. 18, p. 18748 A. H. B.), by Prince of Oakshade 2066.

Mr. W. E. BOYDEN last week sold to Mr. Pett, a California sheep man, a yearling ram, Captain Gold Dust, for \$350. Mr. Pett also purchased six other ram lambs from his flock. We saw Gold Dust last fall, and he looked very promising. Mr. Pett is an old Vermont breeder, and is as sharp a buyer as we know of. He is taking back a carload of yearling rams to California.

Mr. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, has sold to W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, the Rose of Sharon cow Rosette 3d, by 4th Duke of Hillhurst 21069, tracing to imp. Rose of Sharon by Belvedere (1706). This was the cow that was awarded the blue ribbon at the Michigan State Fair, the Central Michigan and two local fairs. Also the show cow Katie Belle, by Treble Mazurka (25045), out of Russia by Favorite 6128, tracing to imp. Henrietta by Red Prince (2489). Also to same party the Young Phyllis heifer 114 Phyllis of Helmhurst, bred by P. B. & S. D. Goff, Kentucky, got by Major Booth 30249, out of Gentle Annie 20th by Breastplate 11421, tracing to imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax (1028). These are all animals of individual merit and high breeding, and we congratulate Mr. Boyden upon their addition to his herd. Mr. B. is quite a young breeder, but he is evidently wide awake and proposes to "keep up with the procession."

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, D.V.M., of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be carefully described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 501 First Street, Detroit.

Scratches.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., April 7, '83.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Being a subscriber and a reader of your paper; see a number of questions asked and answered in the Veterinary department. It is not asking too much I would like to ask a question. I have a seven-year-old Mambrino mare that has the scratches, and has had them all winter. I have not used her more than a dozen times all winter; I have tried a number of different remedies, but with little success. I have drenched her different times with Glauber salts and am now feeding her condition powders and bran mash. She has clean stable and good grooming. Can some one give me the cause, and can some one who has had personal experience tell me what will effect a cure and when cured if she will be subject to them hereafter.

S. B. HAGENBURCK.

Answer.—From your description, the disease is evidently constitutional, probably hereditary, in which case it is more difficult to cure. Give the following internally: Sootrine aloes pulv., 2 ounces; Jamaica ginger root pulv., 1 ounce; mix and divide into twelve powders, give one night and morning, in the feed or on the tongue. When all are given, follow every night for two or three weeks, with half drachm doses of nux-vomica pulv. The less washing done the better; apply to the sores, once a day, the following: Carbolic acid 1 ounce, soft water one pint, mix and use with a sponge once a day. If this does not cure please let us know.

Scratches.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a six-year-old bay mare, she is in good flesh, feels well, but about four weeks ago her legs cracked under her fetlock on both front legs, they are about 1 1/2 inches in length; two on each leg; washed it with castile soap, then put on dry sulphur.

J. B. TOBEY.

Answer.—Our advice to Mr. S. B. Hagenburck, meets the indications in your case as well.

Synovitis.

Mr. CLEMENS, Mich., April 6th, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

SIR.—As I have been a subscriber to the MICHIGAN FARMER for a long time, I write to ask advice about a mare owned by my neighbor which I wish to buy if she can be made all right. She is a four-year-old black mare, weighing about 1400; she has a swelling on each side of each front leg about as large as half a hen's egg, going through between the tendon and cannon bone. One side of one is harder and more tender to touch than the other. She is not lame. Can they be (Continued on eighth page.)

The active inquiry that has existed for

Horticultural.

MICHIGAN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Attention, Teachers.

The Michigan State Horticultural Society has for some years been awakening sentiment looking toward the ornamentation of the country school premises in this State, and to some purpose. For two years past, by the aid of the enterprising seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, a large number of school grounds have been embellished with annual flowers.

The society is not disposed to give up the work by any means, but proposes this year to offer an additional inducement in the way of premiums to the school districts that will make the best exhibits of flowers produced under the care of the children upon the school premises. The following is the exact wording of the offer as it will soon appear in the premium list:

"For the largest and best collection of cut flowers grown by pupils in school grounds of any school house in any district in this State: first premium, \$15; second premium, \$10; third premium, \$5; fourth premium, \$3."

The State fair where the flowers are to be exhibited will be held in Detroit in September next, and the State Horticultural Society will undertake to receive the flowers, display them and see that a proper viewing committee passes upon the relative merits of the various exhibits.

The governor, in his Arbor Day proclamation, has called special attention to the desirability of planting trees about our school houses on that day, and we hope that a great many children and their parents will not forget the recommendation. But after the trees are once planted they will need to be cared for. Now we cannot think of any method that will secure to the newly-planted trees and shrubs so good care as to space up quite a large circle about them, put on a little well rotted manure and sow some flower seeds there. The flowers as they come up will need weeding and hoeing, and will be just the thing for the trees.

Now we take a liberty to ask the secretary of the county board of examiners, or any other persons who may chance to read this, to interest themselves in getting the children to compete for these prizes. Any directions that may be desired will be given by Secretary Chas. W. Garfield by addressing him at Grand Rapids; and we would like to have the State Society flooded with flowers from school children at their fair next fall.

We understand that D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, still hold on their offer of school collections of seeds, provided applications are made by teachers and school directors, who agree in the application to make a report of their success at the close of the year to the State Horticultural Society. Let this matter be taken hold of everywhere in the State, and show the people who visit within our boundaries the coming summer that Michigan school grounds are not the most barren spots in the State.

We do not wish to waste any sentiment upon this subject. There is but one side to the question. The ornamentation of school premises is a most desirable thing to do. The bringing about school children of a variety of trees, shrubs and plants, will awaken observation, lead them to become better acquainted with the things about them; and quicken their tastes in appreciation and employment of simple natural objects in the embellishment of not only their school grounds but their homes.

The school teachers in our rural schools are so satisfied with heartily co-operate in a scheme of this sort, and will quickly see that herein lies a pleasant field of instruction in which teachers and pupils can take the keenest enjoyment. We venture the opinion that in entering this new and praiseworthy field the State Horticultural Society will find willing assistants, and that this enterprise will prove a decided success.

CHAS. W. GARFIELD,
Sec'y Mich. Hort. Soc'y.

PEAR-TREE "BLIGHT."

As this subject is one of much importance to the fruit-growers of this State, many of whom have suffered severely from its ravages, the following paper, read by Chas. D. Zimmerman, of Buffalo, N. Y., at the last meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, will be found of much interest, as giving a clear statement of the latest results of scientific research into the causes, remedies and preventatives of this insidious disease.

This subject has probably been before you at every meeting since the organization of the society, and in looking over the proceedings we feel very much like a member who said at meeting as long ago as 1855, "I have read a wheelbarrow load of books on the subject and have learned nothing;" and in a recent publication we find: "Now, Mr. Editor, I have a firm belief that nobody knows anything about this disease more than another, and it is a waste of time to listen to anybody's say about it." Hoping your society will pardon me for adding another "straw," I will be as brief as possible.

The progress made toward discovering the cause of pear "blight" has certainly appeared very slow to those who have been compelled to see their trees stricken down under the pest of care, nearly powerless to prevent the spread of the disease.

Nearly every writer on pear culture in the past, has advanced different theories as to the cause and treatment of the disease, variously termed "fire blight," "sap blight," "frozen sap blight," "insect blight," "summer blight," "winter blight," etc.

Insects were often accused of being at the bottom of all the trouble, and we are not quite ready to give them a verdict of acquittal. They are charged with aiding in spreading the poison, and for many it would be hard to prove an *alibi*.

Electricity was believed by some to be the cause, with plenty of argument to back it. The appearance of "blight"

after a thunder shower is a well known fact, which would appear as conclusive evidence.

The theory that the freezing of sap in a healthy branch will cause "blight" is still prevalent. Tender or unripe shoots often suffer or are killed by sudden freezing and thawing in the sun, causing, however, a different effect from the so-called blight. A blighted shoot, the size of a hand, often found on the trunks of trees, would be difficult to explain by the "frozen sap" theory.

I do not believe that sap ever freezes in a healthy tree. Frost extracts moisture from the plant cells, and if the roots do not extend below frost, or where they can supply the deficiency, the bark shrivels, and the tree often dies.

It was left for the microscope with its modern improvements, and to the accuracy of investigations made with it, to reveal the true nature of the mysterious disease. In a letter to the *Gardener's Monthly* (August, 1875), Dr. Hunt says: "I have examined those pear branches, and find that the black color is caused by a fungus * * * I cannot name the fungus. Repeated observations only can determine that question. * * * I have made thin sections of stem, bark, fruit and leaves, and removed excess of black color until I could send daylight into every cell; and then under * 500 the parasite reveals its presence."

For the next five years little progress seems to have been made, except that the German and French naturalists, principally Cohn, Magnin, Pasteur, and Frische, continued to publish their experiments and discoveries. In 1880, Professor Burill announced that "blight" in the pear, apple, and quince was caused by bacteria, the smallest living organism known. He found that they destroy the stored starch grains, causing the same to ferment, leaving the cell structure apparently unharmed.

With the poisoned sap he inoculated healthy trees, of which over sixty per cent. showed signs of "blight," clearly proving that bacteria is the cause and not the effect of the disease. No counter evidence has been brought against these experiments of two years ago.

About twenty years ago, Derraine stated that bacteria belonged to the vegetable instead of the animal kingdom, as was the belief up to that time, and only a few years since it has been proven that they attack and destroy living matter. They increase by "fission," dividing in the middle, under favorable circumstances, once every hour, and sometimes even faster. Once an hour would be at the rate of sixteen and a half million in twenty-four hours. A few species are also perpetuated by spores, like fungi. The most favorable temperature for their rapid development appears to be about 95 deg. Fahrenheit, together with plenty of moisture.

Prof. Burill is of the opinion that this kind of bacteria (*Micrococcus amylovorus* B.), is rarely found floating in the air, being extremely viscid, and usually mucilaginous, when moist. In this condition they would be readily carried about by insects. The most likely to aid in their dissemination would be the true bugs (Hemiptera), who obtain their food by the use of a sharp beak, with which they puncture the bark to suck the sap, and by coming in contact with the sticky, poisonous fluid, may carry it from one branch or tree to another.

The following is Burill's description of the species:

Micrococcus amylovorus, Burill. - Cells oval, single, or united in pairs, rarely in fours, never in elongated chains; imbedded in an abundant mucilage, which is very soluble in water; movements oscillatory; length of a separate cell, .00004 to .000056 in.; width, .000028 in.; length of a pair, .00009 in.; of four united, about .00012 in.

It is quite evident that the disease is one of the outer cellular bark, as the bacteria are unable to penetrate through the best cells, and can spread up or down only by working their way through the apparently solid cell walls. There being no such things as sap veins in plants, analogous to blood veins in animals, the spread of the disease from the point of attack must be comparatively slow.

Soil, situation, exposure, etc., have little or nothing to do with the disease. That some varieties are more subject to its attack than others is well known, and has been fully discussed by your society, as well as lists published of those most exempt.

Of the different modes of cultivation, the one that produces a moderate, healthy growth should be preferred to that of excessive growth. It is quite apparent that trees highly stimulated by manure, severe winter pruning, and clean cultivation are most subject to "blight." The orchards uniformly most exempt from "blight" that have come under my observation were those well cultivated in grass, i. e., the grass kept short by repeated cutting (never allowing the grass to ripen or go to seed), with occasional, at least biennial, top dressing of barn-yard manure, or other fertilizers. In short, treated like a lawn. The annual growth will be moderate, but healthy; quite different from those stimulated to excessive growth by clean cultivation and the stereotyped annual cutting back of two-thirds of last season's growth.

Remedies: Eternal vigilance and a sharp knife. Carbolic acid is extensively used to destroy bacteria; it may be diluted with 1,000 parts of water to one of the acid. Quinine is also used. Cold does not kill them, but activity ceases at or near the freezing point. Frische claims that 129 deg. Fahrenheit below zero will not kill them. In the adult state most bacteria are destroyed in water heated to 150 deg. Fahrenheit; spores have been known to survive a short immersion in boiling water. I have often prevented the increase of poisoned parts by carefully cutting off the outer bark with a sharp knife, and applying linseed oil. This must be done very soon after the appearance of the "blight."

A careful examination should be made after every warm rain, and warm nights with dew. Such examination should be made at least once a month during the summer. Any parts showing signs of the

disease should be removed immediately; if an ordinary sized limb it had better be cut off; on the trunk or large branches, the outer bark may be peeled off and the spot covered with oil.

All diseased parts removed, branches and bark shaved off should be consigned to the fire at once. It requires close observation to detect the disease in the first stages, the bark turning black is rather a second stage; and also to make sure that the cut is below all the affected parts.

In the case of contagious disease among animals caused by bacteria, it has been found that the bacteria may be cultivated, whereby it loses most of its poisonous qualities, and animals inoculated with it take the disease in a mild form and are ever after free from that disease.

Now let us hope that some genius will contrive a way to cultivate the species of bacteria under consideration, so that by inoculating pear trees with it they would be "blight" proof. This would open a field for a new profession—a tree doctor.

Orchard Management in Spring.

As the last snow drifts dwindle away and the ground dries off, the farmer takes a stroll through his orchard, and begins to make plans for a spring campaign. To decide just what is the best thing to do depends on circumstances, and often requires all the judgment of an expert horticulturist. Very likely the apple orchard has not been trimmed for some years. The tops are thick, and some of the lower limbs are dead or dwindling; the fruit small and of inferior quality. Instead of using an axe or hand-saw and removing a quarter or more of the large, lower limbs, thin out a number of smaller limbs all over the outside of the tree. Avoid cutting any limbs over an inch in diameter. This takes a longer time to each tree, but experience shows that it is best for the health, long life and productiveness of the trees. The more you cut out of the top, the more numerous and vigorous will be the young sprouts in the centre of the tree. In the hurry of summer's work the average farmer is not likely to rub out or cut off these sprouts.

In our severe climate where the sun's rays are let into the top, the bark on the large limbs is likely to die. A little shade is preferable. A little trimming every year is far better than a heavy trimming once in two or four years. If the bark is scraped off the old trunks, be careful not to dig too deeply and disturb the portion which is alive. So far as the health of the tree is concerned, no doubt the rough bark does some good and no harm except to harbor a few insects. As the weather becomes warm scrub the trunks and large limbs with soft soap as thick as it can be well used.

If the rains are severe, a repetition will be valuable. Look out several different times during the growing season for borers at the surface of the ground and all along the trunk and large limbs. If any traces of them are found or any dead bark is seen, cut away with the knife. Dig out the worms or punch them to death. As the blossoms are about through falling, place some barrels of water in a wagon in which is mixed some London purple or Paris green, the same as for potato beetles—a level tablespoonful to a pail of water. With a force pump or large syringe shower the trees all over. Repeat the operation after every hard rain or wind, perhaps two or three times, being sure that the apples are not large enough to hang down with cavities about the stems. The poison is to kill the young apple worm.

If the apples are very thick on any of the trees by no means stop them up, but pick off many of the smallest specimens of fruit. It is not so tedious a process to thin fruit as many imagine till they try the experiment; and it pays, by securing better fruit and husbanding the resources of the tree for future crops. A very heavy crop generally weakens the tree; the apples are small during this crop and for years afterwards. The tree is checked in growth and comes to a premature death. So much for the top, now for the root of the matter. Very likely the trees have not done well for some years and the owner is puzzled to know what to do with them. If the soil and cultivation is correct and the trees are of the suitable varieties, they will produce a good deal of fruit whether they are trimmed or untrimmed. Many trees are planted in soil which is too black or loamy, on soil which is far better for a pasture or meadow than for trees. A heavy pruning and all the soap and scrubbing you can give them will avail little.

It is most likely now too late to make good trees by drainage, if they ever suffered on this account—and many have suffered, even where little suspected. Such an orchard may be left a few years longer till the young orchard on the hill or well drained plateau of strong wheat land comes into bearing, then convert the old trees into firewood. If they are on suitable, well drained soil and have borne or have not borne fruit, it will be well to top-dress the land with wood ashes, superphosphate, or barnyard manure, composted or not composted. Pile up the limbs as soon as they are cut off, chop them up short and leave on the ground or remove to piles away from the trees, where they may be burned.

Pear trees need but very little trimming, except dwarfs, which the general farmer seldom attempts to raise. Start the limbs very low and let the trees go to grass, after they have been cultivated, not later than Aug. 1, for three or four years. Plum trees need about the same soil and cultivation as pear trees, and not much trimming. To save the plums, remember what has often been written about jarring the trees to kill the curculio. It is a sure thing, and when economically done it only costs about six to ten cents per tree for the entire season. There is, probably, no better way than the jarring process. Cherry trees need but little trimming and cultivating, about the same as for plums.—Prof. W. J. Beal.

For the Children.

Let the children take Simmonds Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, and safe to take either alone or in connection with other medicine. Mild in action and pleasant to take.

Seed Sowing and Growing.

Under the above heading the *German-town Telegraph* offers the following timely hints for the seeding season now rapidly approaching:

"It should be remembered that much of the success in the growing of seeds depends on keeping the seeds moist and near the air. If they are on the surface they have air enough, but no moisture; if they are deep in the ground they have moisture but no air, hence the seed-sower has to have a good practical knowledge of the seeds he is sowing in order to grade the depth of the seed, or how to operate so as to get all the needed conditions without sowing the seeds too deep. Many seeds have the power of sprouting very soon after they are sown. These, of course, may go on to a moist surface with little chance of the ground drying up before the seeds come up; but those which take several weeks to germinate require more knowledge and care. The best of all methods of guarding against the drying out of seeds sown near the surface is to prepare the soil first so that it shall be reduced to powder. To this end on the farm the roller is one of the most valuable implements. In many cases where land is coarsely tilled, large quantities of seed do not come up, because much is too deep and more near the surface dries up, and because the coarse soil retains little moisture. Half the seed often sown might be saved if the ground were crushed by good rolling before sowing. Nearly every seed would then grow instead of half, as now, and grow more regularly.

"In the garden as on the farm much might be saved by attention to this simple fact. How many persons ever saw a roller in a vegetable garden? Not many. But whenever it is used a very great degree of success is sure to follow. In the fall, before the strawberry beds are completed, the ground should be first rolled, after being dug, and then the plants should be set out even in the driest time, without being obliged to bury the crowns, which should always be avoided if possible. Well rolled and firmly set, the plants never dry up and seldom one fails to grow. In the spring, also, before sowing any seed, the roller should go over the prepared ground a few days after being sowed and raked. In such case it will be found that these seeds will so generally grow that it will not require one-half the quantity that the unrolled ground will try it.

"The same course should be taken in forwarding seeds grown in boxes and placed in the windows, instead of hotbeds. If the seeds in this case be sown shallow, the sunlight through the glass dries the surface too much, and seeds do not grow well. So in order to guard against this, take a piece of newspaper to fit the surface of the box and lay it loosely over the seeds. In this way the surface keeps moist for a week without watering, while in other cases it is necessary to sprinkle perhaps every day, and often the box gets so much water in this way as to make the bulk of water sour, so that after the seeds do sprout they rot off. In this way, too, great success will attend the growing of parsley."

About Currants.

In a discussion on the culture of currants, raspberries, gooseberries and blackberries by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, B. G. Smith said he had cultivated the same currant bushes for twenty years, and found them bearing a good supply of fruit, although he had labored under the disadvantage of having a stiff, clayey soil, but had improved it by supplementing it with requisite elements and making provision for underdraining. Currants grow best where partially shaded.

Mr. E. A. Wood said that currants might be grown profitably to a larger extent than they are. They are easily grown and bring a good price. Judging from the price that the fruit brings, the best variety to cultivate would seem to be the Versailles. Many claim that it is not prolific, but with good care it will produce regularly good fruit. Either the raspberry or blackberry will grow with much less fertilizing than currants. The latter have also the advantage of growing in the shade.

Dr. Holmes of Lexington said that he had found the Versailles a prolific bearer, but without exceeding the old Dutch Red in deliciousness of taste. He had not found any value in the use of coal ashes for exterminating the current worm. Instead of shaking the hellebore for the extermination of worm, it is best to apply it in the form of a solution by the use of a syringe, as by this means the under sides of the leaves can be reached.

Horticultural Notes.

As a rule, a tree that is growing vigorously will not fruit much. To make a tree bear fruit there must be a check to its growth.

Because of the prevalence of the yellows in Western New York, many nurserymen there use Tennessee or Virginia natural peach seed to bud the young trees upon, securing in this way strong, healthy trees.

A *Real Home* reminds farmers that a few productive fruit trees will often yield quite an income, and mentions selling \$180 worth of cherries from ten trees, and \$30 worth of plums from three or four small trees in the garden.

The horticultural editor of the *German-town Telegraph* asks what has become of the imported Japan persimmon, the fruit of which was to weigh a pound, and resemble in taste a plum or fig. He concludes we shall have to be satisfied with our native variety for a while longer.

J. M. Smith, president of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, says he is satisfied that it will repay the labor of picking off all the blossoms on a newly set strawberry plantation the first season, thus keeping the entire strength and growth of the plant within itself, and preparing it to yield the largest possible crop the following year.

A New York celery grower says he has a fertile alluvial soil, four feet deep, on a bed of coarse gravel, which seems the perfection of celery ground. He has there grown celery, without manure, and in rows two feet apart, and been compelled to market every row to get earth to bank the remaining rows. He

thinks a muck soil does not give the best flavored celery.

The Iowa *Homestead* says that J. N. Dixon, who has an orchard of ten thousand trees near Okaloosa, has made a careful examination of his trees and finds most of them seriously if not fatally injured. This is the largest orchard in the State, and consists of the best varieties suited to that latitude. The Willow Twig, Fameuse, Astrachan and Duchess are the only sorts that escaped.

Prof. T. J. BURRILL says in regard to pear blight, that the closest scrutiny should be kept during the growing season for any evidence of disease, for the beginning of blight is indicated by the evidence in the bark rather than by the discoloration of the leaves. Whenever observed, the diseased parts must be carefully cut away and the wound protected by a coat of paint. Everything depends in the exclusion of all the affected tissue.

Egg-plants require a light, warm soil, and, being very delicate and tender, must not be set out too early. They require a high temperature all the time. Sow in hot-bed about the first of April, with good, steady bottom heat, and transplant out until such time in June as is necessary to avoid a temperature much below 70 deg. Set two or three feet apart each way according to the nature of the soil, more room being needed if the soil is very fertile.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* says that to make a peach orchard profitable, the trees should not be kept too long, for while some trees may live and bear well for nearly half a century, the rule is that it is a short-lived tree, and is not profitable to keep more than ten years after being set, and frequently not as long. As soon as the trees begin to fall an orchard should be set, but not on the same land, new land where peach trees have not been grown being much the best.

I Know Whereof I Speak.

For I have used it extensively. I regard Parker's GINGER Tonic as most excellent remedy for kidney, lung and nervous disorders. It invigorates without intoxicating. J. Francis, Rev. Philo. Journal, Chicago.

Perfect soundness of body and mind is possible only with a sound blood. Leading medical authorities of all civilized countries endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood-purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive power of both hand and brain.

Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, etc., ten cents each. A child can use with perfect success.

Butter making is an art which THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR temptingly shades.

THE U. S. Government are using large numbers of The Improved Howe Scales. Borden, Sells & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

3 MOS. FREE

We will mail the Philadelphia and FARMER'S FREE, every week, for three whole months, to any address, on receipt of only 12 cents in stamps to pay postage on 12 consecutive numbers, published weekly, or for twenty-five cents, silver or stamps, we will mail the same for one month, or for three months, or for six months, or for one year, or for two years, or for three years, or for four years, or for five years, or for six years, or for seven years, or for eight years, or for nine years, or for ten years, or for eleven years, or for twelve years, or for thirteen years, or for fourteen years, or for fifteen years, or for sixteen years, or for seventeen years, or for eighteen years, or for nineteen years, or for twenty years, or for twenty-one years, or for twenty-two years, or for twenty-three years, or for twenty-four years, or for twenty-five years, or for twenty-six years, or for twenty-seven years, or for twenty-eight years, or for twenty-nine years, or for thirty years, or for 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or district? I don't think the pathmaster meant to injure me.

Answer.—This is probably a case of *damnum absque injuria*, a possible wrong for which there is no remedy. If the pathmaster, acting in good faith, so opened the road ditch or so graded the road that water overflowed on the wheatfield, there is no legal redress. Of course the pathmaster would have no right to turn the water on to the field; but if in grading the road so that injury was thereby occasioned, probably neither he nor the township could be made to pay. At least from the above statement I would not feel like advising our friend to do anything more than to take a hoe and try to let the water off, or dyke up the low place to prevent the water from coming in.

H. A. H.

A Sufferer from Rheumatism.

Ilimped about for years with a cane, and could not bend down without excruciating pain. Parker's Ginger Tonic effected an astonishing cure and keeps me well. It is infallible. M. Guilfoyle, Birmingham, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Peach Trees

We offer a very large and complete stock of best scion, new and old. Trees in the best condition. Special prices for large lots. Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.**

1883-SPRING-1883.

Now is the time to prepare your orders for **NEW and HARDY FRUIT TREES**. We offer the largest and most complete stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the United States. Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.**

PUBLIC SALE

SHORTHORN CATTLE will take place at my farm seven miles northwest from Port Huron, and one mile south from North Street Station on the P. H. & N. W. R. Y., on **Tuesday, May 8th, 1883,** commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m. There will be offered for sale 30 head of pure bred Shorthorn cattle, 10 cows and heifers and four yearling bulls. **TERMS OF SALE.**—One year's time at 7 per cent interest on approved notes. All inquiries by mail or otherwise promptly answered. **A. McNAUGHTON, Port Huron P. O., Mich.**

THE RUSSELL

INDEPENDENT Lateral Moving Stacker. Complete. Convenient. Durable. It saves from two to four men on the stack. Saves the chaff by depositing it in the center of the stack. **PRICE, COMPLETE, \$125.00.** Furnished in Four Sizes. Can be adapted to any Thresher. Address for full particulars, **RUSSELL & CO., Massillon, Ohio.**

A No. 1 Farm For Sale

The farm owned by the late Abel Beers, in Bennington, Shawansee Co., Mich., 8 1/2 miles south of Owosso, 4 miles north of Perry, a station on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad. The farm consists of 280 acres of first class farm land, 200 acres well improved. Two good houses, two large barns, two never-failing wells, two windmills, 65 acres of wheat on the ground, 120 acres seeded down. Near school and church. For particulars apply on the premises or address **MRS. CATHERINE R. BEERS, Pittsburg, Shawansee Co., Mich.**

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

Two well-bred young bulls, Baron Mazurka 4280, and Second Baron Duke 4483; also some younger ones that will be fit for service by July. A few choice cows and heifers in calf to Kirklevington Lad 34 4633, will also be sold. Address **W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Oakland Co., Mich.**

Thoroughbred Holsteins

A few choice animals for sale, and as we import our own stock can make fair prices. Write for what you want. Address **R. G. WABULIN, Littlefield, Hillsdale Co., Mich.**

WANTED.—A situation by an experienced cheese maker, can produce a recommended signed by patrons as to quality, and first-class reference from John C. W. WABULIN, KNAAPP, Pontiac, Oakland Co., Mich.

SI000 REWARD

For any male killing and carrying off the market near Chicago. It is in the hands of **VICTOR NEWARK MACHINE CO., NEWARK, O.**

ON FERRY & CO'S

SEED ANNUAL FOR 1883. Will be mailed free to our customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 100 names of seedsmen, and also descriptions and valuable directions for planting Potatoes, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to married couples. **D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.**

PIESSES, GRATES, SORGHUM MILLS,

Cider and Fruit Evaporators, Steam and Fire. Illustrated Catalogue free. **C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.**

"Over The Garden Wall,"

and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, with music for life. **PATTON & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.**

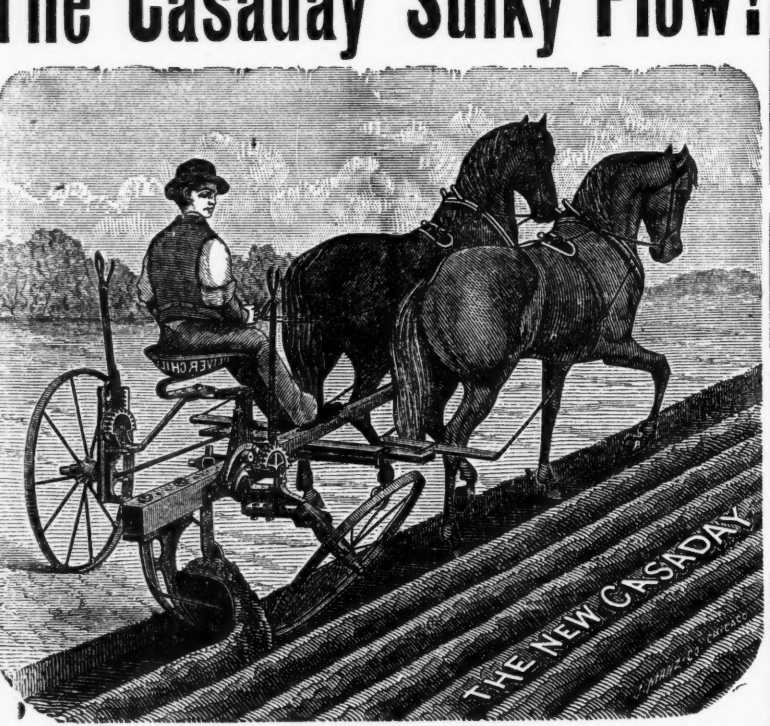
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Oliver Chilled Plow!



A twelve years' record unequalled in the history of plow making! A steady onward march, with no halting of the columns; 1,500 plows sold in 1870 and nearly 100,000 in 1882. More than three times the number in use than of any other plow manufactured. For durability, lightness of draft, ease of management and adaptability to all kinds of work, without an equal. In use from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Sizes and styles to suit the various requirements of our customers, and every plow fully warranted. Emphatically a labor saving implement and a faithful friend to hundreds of thousands of the best farmers of the country.

The Casaday Sulky Plow!

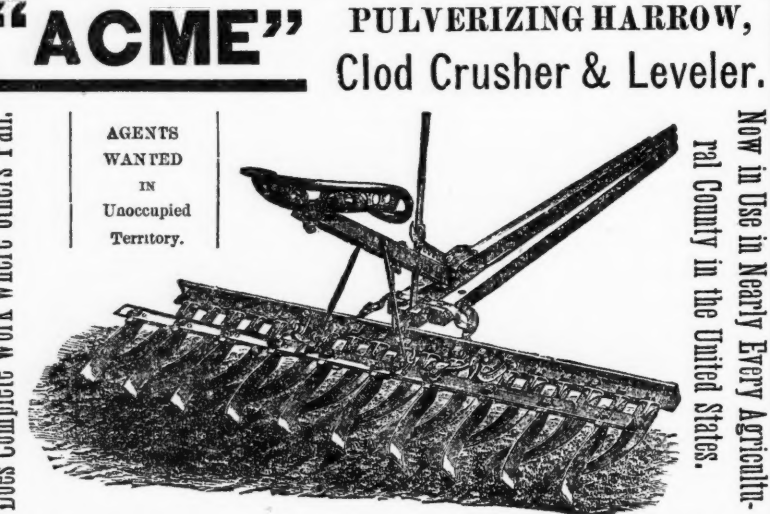


Ridiculed by Other Plow Makers, but Indorsed by Farmers Everywhere.

More than 15,000 sold for the trade of 1882. Its success beyond all parallel in the history of Riding Plows. The only Plow made without a landside. Plows a uniform width and depth until changed by the operator. Turns square corners without throwing the Plow out of the ground. Can be changed to suit the character of work desired. The entire weight carried on the wheels. Works splendidly in hard, dry or stony ground. For ease of management and lightness of draft cannot be excelled. Opens a land and finishes a furrow to perfect. Offered on its merits and guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. For circulars and full particulars, address **OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, SOUTH BEND, IND.**

"ACME" PULVERIZING HARROW,

Clod Crusher & Leveler.



The "ACME" subjects the soil to the action of a Crusher and Leveler, and to the cutting, lifting, turning process of double rows of **WHEEL COULTERS**, the peculiar shape and arrangement of which give it immense cutting power. Thus the three operations of crushing lumps, leveling off the ground and thoroughly pulverizing the soil are performed at one and the same time. The entire absence of spikes or spring teeth avoids pulling up rubbish. It is especially adapted to inverted soil and hard clay, where other harrows utterly fail; works perfectly on light soil, and is the only Harrow or Cultivator that cuts over the entire surface of the ground. Highly commended by scientific and practical Farmers, many of whom pronounce it to be the most valuable recent improvement in farm machinery, while all agree that "The judicious use of an implement like the 'Acme' Pulverizing Harrow, Clod Crusher and Leveler, in the preparation and thorough pulverization of the soil, before planting, will increase the yield from Five to Ten Dollars per Acre."

FAIR PLAY. If your dealer does not keep the "ACME" for sale, don't let him palm off an inferior tool on you by assuring you that he has something better, but **SATISFY YOURSELF** by ordering one ON TRIAL. We will send it on trial, and if it does not suit, you may send it back, we paying return freight charges. We don't ask for money or Note until after you have tried it on your own farm. Send for Pamphlet containing Hundreds of Testimonials from 44 Different States and Territories.

NASH & BROTHER,

Manufacture and Principal Office, **HARRISBURG, Pa.** **MILLINGTON, New Jersey.** N. B.—Pamphlet entitled "TILLAGE IS MANURE" will also be sent to parties who NAME THIS PAPER.

THE COQUILLARD WAGON

THE FARMER'S FAVORITE. These wagons are made of the best wood and iron to be procured, and put together by the most experienced workmen. Every one warranted to give satisfaction, both in regard to the quality of material and workmanship. They are also noted for their lightness of draft and ease of running. Carriages, Buggies & Sleighs of superior workmanship always on hand. Send for circular and Price List. **A. COQUILLARD, South Bend, Ind.**

SEED POTATOES.

PURE SEED of those immensely productive and popular new varieties of Potatoes—**BEAUTY OF HEERON, CLARK'S NO. 1, WHITE ELEPHANT, BELLE and MAMMOTH PEARL**—for sale. Price \$1 per bush; sacks 30c extra. Write at once for descriptive price list. **E. M. SCHROFF, Alamo, Calaveras Co., Mich.**

CHOICE SEED POTATOES.

Mammoth Pearl, Magnum Bonum, Jordon's Favorite, Early, Jordon's Russet, Watson Seedling. One Pound each of all the above five varieties by express on receipt of 50c. Prices for larger quantities made known on application. **DELOS STRAIN, West Schuyl, Iowa Co., Mich.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOMESTEAD Superphosphate!



A Pure Bone Black **FERTILIZER!** Good for ALL Crops! Price \$40 Per Ton. Sample bbl of 200 lbs sent on Receipt of \$4.00. Pamphlet containing Full Information sent FREE on application.

Michigan Carbon Works,

DETROIT, MICH. Good Agents Wanted in Every Town. Mention this Paper.

MAST, FOOS & CO.

SPRINGFIELD, O. HAND CORN & PUMPKIN SEED PLANTER! A perfect planter and planter. Pumpkin Seeds every fourth hill. Hon. Geo. W. Phillips, ex-president of the Michigan Agricultural Society, says: "I cheerfully recommend your Planter, as I desire every farmer to reap the same benefit from your planter that I have using it these years." Mr. John McKim, ex-president of the Armada Agricultural Society, says: "Having used the Hudson Planter three years I cheerfully recommend it over any other, and the corn comes up better than I ever had it come planted with the hoe." Send for circular and price list. A sample Planter will be sent by express for \$2.00. Order of \$2.00. Address, **N. W. & W. GRAY, ROME, MAUMONT CO., MICH.**

IRON TURBINE ENGINES

Strong and Durable. WILL SHUT OFF, STOP, OR BATTLE IN THE WIND. **BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP** Save Water in Winter. Write for our Circulars and Price List.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned having sold his farm will also sell at Public Auction on **Wednesday, April 25th, 1883,** on the premises situate 1 1/2 miles south of Jonesville on the Hillsdale Road, Personal Property of various kinds, including seven horses, (five of same are under six years and of Hambleton stock); about 235 American Merino sheep, all highly bred, the buck registered and bred by Sanford, of Vermont; several head of cattle, harnesses, bugles, sulky, harrows, plows, fanning mill, corn sheller, reaper and mower, grain drill, hay rakes and other farm implements and utensils, also household goods, and about 800 bushels of corn in the crib. **TERMS.**—All sums under \$10, cash; sums above \$10 may be arranged with approved and satisfactory bankable notes, running for one year and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from date. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. **F. M. HOLLOWAY, Hillsdale, Mich.**

NEW YORK SEED DRILL.

(MATTHEW'S PATENT.) Buy the best and only perfect Drill. Send for Circular. **HIGGANUM MFG CORPORATION, HIGGANUM, CONN., U. S. A.**

OIL CAKE.

GROUND AND UNGROUND. Genuine Old Process. Best and cheapest feed in the world. Low freight rates and prices. Write for particulars. **JOSEPH HUGHES & CO., Linsend Oil Works, Fort Wayne, Indiana.**

GEO. W. HILL,

DETROIT, MICH. Vegetable, Field & Garden Seed. Send for price catalogue. A superior Spring Wheat from Wisconsin. **AMBER CANE.** I have 2,000 gallons of pure amber cane molasses, which I will sell at 50c per gallon in barrels, or 10c per gallon in four or eight gallon packages, and no charge for packages. I will also send amber cane seed in pound lots by mail at 25c per lb, 10 lbs or more, 5c per lb—cash to accompany order. Order at once. **DANIEL ROOT, Hudson, Mich.**

FOR SALE CHEAP.—500,000 Grape Vines pro-

pagated from my healthy, heavy bearing vines, guaranteed free from all disease. Instructions in grape culture free to purchasers. Address, **ROBINSON'S VINEYARD, Detroit, Mich.**

MATTHEWS' SEED DRILL

Standard of America. Admitted by the leading seedsmen and market growers from 1881 to 1882 to be the most perfect and reliable Drill in use. Send for circular showing improvements for 1883. Made only by **EVERETT & SMALL, Boston, Mass.** **D. M. FERRY & CO., Agents, Detroit.**

NORTH-WESTERN CORN PLANTER.

This celebrated corn planter is extensively used, and gives universal satisfaction. The Pumpkin Seed apartment is so arranged the operator can drop pumpkin seeds or not at his pleasure. Send for circulars. Price \$30. A liberal discount to agents. Manufactured by **IRVING D. KING, ORLEANS, Ontario County, N. Y.** **McGraw-Hill & Co., N. Y.**

Wasepi Mulchery Yards.

Plymouth Rocks Only. Eggs for hatching, from pure-bred, finely marked birds, \$1.50 per setting of 15. Order by registered letter. **C. A. BARRETT, Wasepi, Mich.**

DIRECTORY

Michigan Breeders.

CATTLE.—Shorthorns. **A. S. BROOKS, Wixom, Mich.,** breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn families represented: Oxford Greyhounds, Phyllis, Young, Hall, Duchess, Bonnie Lass, etc. **C. S. BROOKS, Brighton, Mich.,** breeder of Registered Shorthorns of leading families—Pomona, Flora, etc. Also American Merino Sheep and Poland China Swine. Young stock for sale. **ROBT. MILLIKEN, Almont, Macomb Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, Hambleton horses and Poland China Hogs. Stock for sale. Terms easy. Correspondence solicited. **H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and American Merino Sheep. **GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co.,** breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn Cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. **W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Mich.,** breeder of Shorthorn families. Stock for sale. Lady Helen, and Ayrshire cows and calves. Write for prices. **W. M. BALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co.,** breeder of Shorthorns. Principal families. Rose of Sharon, Phyllis and Young. Also breeder of Thoroughbred American Merinos and Poland China swine. **J. M. WHITAKER, Hazelton Ridge Farm, Clio, Washington Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and American Merino Sheep. Young stock for sale. **JAMES MOORE, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Stock for sale, with bulls and heifers, on reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited. **W. M. GRAHAM, Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich.,** breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, thoroughbred and grade Jerseys and Berkshire swine. Stock for sale. Write for prices. **W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON, Howell, Calhoun Co.,** breeders of Shorthorn cattle and Cotswold sheep. Stock for sale; prices reasonable. **J. LESSITER, Jersey, Oakland Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, Shropshire and Southdown Sheep. Stock for sale. **FRED A. BEARD, "Clyde Valley Herd," Atkins, St. Clair Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. **JOHN MCKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co.,** breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. **J. E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, Mich.,** breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Registered American sheep, Poland-Chinese and Jersey Red swine, and Plymouth Stock chickens. Also Calves and Cows, Mich. Correspondence invited. **W. E. EYDEN, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co.,** breeder of Shorthorns, also Merino Sheep. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

Ohio Breeders.

TRA N. DELINE, Plymouth, Indiana, breeder and shipper of pure-bred recorded Berkshires, Pedigree sent with each pig. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Also Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns and Pekin Ducks. Eggs \$1 per 12. **LEVI ARNOLD, Plainwell, Mich.,** breeder of pure-bred recorded Poland China Swine. Registered Jersey Cattle. (A. J. C. H. R.) and Registered Merino Sheep.

Indiana Breeders.

TRA N. DELINE, Plymouth, Indiana, breeder and shipper of pure-bred recorded Berkshires, Pedigree sent with each pig. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Also Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns and Pekin Ducks. Eggs \$1 per 12. **LEVI ARNOLD, Plainwell, Mich.,** breeder of pure-bred recorded Poland China Swine. Registered Jersey Cattle. (A. J. C. H. R.) and Registered Merino Sheep.

Riverside Stock Farm,

PLAINWELL, MICH. BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF Pure-bred Recorded Poland China Swine. Registered Jersey Cattle. (A. J. C. H. R.) and Registered Merino Sheep.

FOR SALE.

Poland Chineses still a specialty. Herd established in 1869. Is the largest herd in the State. Is emphatically a herd of prize winners. Stock all dark in color and faultless in style, consisting entirely of the most noted families of the breed. Pigs of 1882 sired by five hours of the highest breeding, including U. S. of Riverside No. 3051, Black Tom, sired by Tom Corwin No. 3057, Hopedale, sired by Hopedale No. 341, and others of like quality. Cows and calves of kin. Stock all registered in Ohio P. C. Record. Special inducements offered to States and Adams Express Companies. Prices reasonable and quality of stock first class. For prices and particulars apply to address. All correspondence promptly answered. **B. J. BIDWELL, Tecumseh, Mich.**

SHORTHORNS

For Sale. Bulls, heifers, calves and cows. Choices milking strains. All Herd Book registered. Will be sold very reasonable at private sale. **B. J. BIDWELL, Tecumseh, Mich.**

FOR SALE.

A choice lot of American Merino bucks, Poland China swine bred from the best families in Ohio and Michigan. Also some choice young Shorthorn heifers and bulls. Prices reasonable. Correspondence solicited. All stock guaranteed. **L. K. BEACH, Box 450, Howell, Mich.**

Spring Brook Breeding Farm.

Fresh Importation of Holsteins. Our importation of Holsteins or Dutch-Friesians has just arrived in good shape, and are a very nice lot. We can spare a few first class animals at reasonable prices. Apply to **PHELPS & SEELEY, North Farmington, Mich.**

A. J. MURPHY,

Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded **POLAND CHINA SWINE.** **PLAINWELL OR SILVER CREEK, MICH.** My herd is dark in color and bred from the most noted herds of Ohio and Michigan. Pigs sired by Arnold's Sambo, Black Tom, Hop-fall, Murphy's W. S. and Dixie, stock first class. Price reasonable. Special rates by express. **A. J. MURPHY, Plainwell, Mich.**

Greenwood Stock Farm

A choice lot of Pure bred Poland China Swine for sale at reasonable rates. Pigs in pairs and trios not skin. My herd number about 300 heads including descendants from some of the most noted families. Breeding stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited. **B. G. BUELL, Little Prairie Road, Cass Co., Mich.**

IMPROVED CHESHIRE PIGS.

Always give satisfaction. Write for descriptive circular. Orders booked for spring pigs by **F. H. BRITT, Ridgeway, Orleans Co., N. Y.**

SHORTHORN BULLS.

A number of highly bred Shorthorn bulls for sale, from nine months to sixteen months old. Terms reasonable. Address **C. SWANN, 113-17 Essex Street Farm, Waltham, Ont.**

Devons For Sale.

Young stock on hand of both sexes and at reasonable prices. Address **DR. N. D. THOMAS & SONS, DECATUR, Mich.**

"SCOTCH COLLIES."

Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding them from the best and purest imported stock, and have lately made several additions to my kennel of colored and individual excellence. Have now three of the finest breeding yards of Plymouth Rocks in the west. My Berkshires are herd registered. Send for circular. Address **J. A. ARMSTRONG, Owosso, Mich.**

FOR SALE.

A pair of Hambleton colts, sired by Louis Napoleon (sire of Jerome Eddy) and out of very finely bred dams, one a handsome dark brown stallion, the other a bright bay mare, both nicely fitted and coming four years old; also a Mambrino brood mare eight years old. Full pedigree on application. Address **J. A. ARMSTRONG, Owosso, Mich.**

A Thoroughbred Holstein

BULL FOR SALE. Holstein bull three years old this spring. No. 660 of the American Holstein Herd Book. Also two half-blood yearling bulls. These animals will be sold cheap. Address **W. J. STONE & BIGGS, Hastings, Mich.**

PURE BRED JERSEYS.

25 choice heifers and young cows for sale at moderate prices. Correspondence solicited. **H. H. JAMES, Detroit**

FOR SALE.

Imported Hampshire and Southdown Yearling Rams, and Berkshire pigs of approved breeding for sale. Address **W. J. STONE & BIGGS, Hastings, Mich.**

Poetry.

GALATEA.

A moment's grace, Pygmalion! Let me be
A breath's space longer on this lither hand
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad to meet.
Whether to be thy statue or thy bride—
An instant spare me! Terrible the choice
As no man knoweth, being only man;
Nor any, saving her who hath been stone
And loved her sculptor. Shall I dare exchange
Veins of the quarry for the throbbing pulse?
Inmate calm for a sure-aching heart?
Forego God's quiet for the love of man?
To float on his uncertain tenderness,
A wave tossed up the shore of his desire,
To ebb and flow where'er it phaseth him;
Remembered at his leisure, and forgot,
Worshipped and worried, clasped and dropped at
mood.

Or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will,
Nor Paradise nor portion, and now Hell;
And every single several nerve that beats
In soul or body, like some rare vase, thrust
In fire at first, and then in frost, until
The fine protesting fibre snaps?

Oh, who,
Foreknowing, ever chose a fate like this?
What woman, out of all the breathing world,
Would be a woman, could her heart select;
Or love her lover, could her life prevent?
Must she be that only, only one;
Thus let me make that sacrifice supreme
No other ever made, or can, or shall.
Behold, the future shall stand still to ask
What man was worth a price so isolate?
And rate thee at its value for all time.

For I am driven by an awful Law,
And I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!
And carve me like a chisel at my heart,
"Thou stronger than the woman or the man;
"Thou greater than all torment or delight;
"Thou mightier than the marble or the flesh.
Obdient be the sculptor and the stone!
Thine am I, thine at all the cost of all
The pangs that women ever bore for man;
Thine I elect to be, defying them;
Thine, thine, I dare to be, in scorn of them;
And being thine forever, bless I them!

Pygmalion! Take me from my pedestal,
And set me lower—lower, love—that I
May be a woman and look up to thee;
And looking, longing, loving, give and take
The human kisses worth the worst that thou
By thine own nature shalt inflict on me.

—Harper's Magazine.

A CRADLE SONG.

Toes a brown baby up over the tree!
Up he goes! Up he goes!
Up where the wind whistles loud in its glee;
Up where the robin sings gaily to see;
Where the sweetest apples grow,
Up he goes! Up he goes!
Dance with the daisies down; buzz with the bee!
Roll a brown baby down deep in the flowers!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
Down where the butterflies flash in the bowers!
Down where the rose petals pelt him with showers,
Where the soft pansies grow,
Down he goes! Down he goes!
Honey bee food is this baby of ours.

—Our Little Ones.

Miscellaneous.

MISS ROSE CHESTER.

Mrs. Dunning of Sunnyside, West-Kensington, always considered that she had been particularly fortunate in her lodgers. She had but two, and they had been with her ever since the decease of the lamented Dunning—a clerk in the Customs, who, returning home on a certain pay-day in November, with two bottles of wine in his outer coat and one in his inner man, walked into the Thames and was drowned—had compelled her to retire to the basement, and offer the upper portions of her house, at a moderate rent, to "gentlemen of quiet habits, seeking a comfortable home in a pleasant suburban neighborhood." On the very day that Mrs. Dunning's advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Samuel Greeley, chief cashier in a government savings-bank, engaged the sitting-room and the bed-room on the ground floor; and Mr. William Wylie, chief sub editor of a local daily paper, engaged the sitting-room and the bed-room on the first floor.

The day, I think, was Saturday—indeed, it must have been; for Mr. Wylie, contrary to his habit on the other days of the week, was a home all the evening. At about nine p. m. the two gentlemen met in the passage, exchanged greetings, and entered into a discussion on politics, which, becoming animated, resulted firstly in a withdrawal to the apartment of Mr. Greeley, and lastly in a copious libation of hot rum-and-water. Thus began an acquaintance which merged into friendship and deepened into mutual affection; Sam Greeley and Will Wylie became sworn brothers. The cashier, at the time of this story, was about fifty-three years of age, and the sub-editor fifty-four; and on the subject of politics, flannel nightcaps for use in winter, religion, and the proper quantity of sugar for a bowl of punch, they had only such trifling differences of opinion as tended to preserve their intercourse from monotony. Mr. Greeley was away from home during the day, and Mr. Wylie during the night; so that the former was generally coming in at about the time when the latter was going out. Nevertheless they managed to see a good deal of each other. Mr. Greeley always visited Mr. Wylie in his bedchamber before he went out in the morning. Mr. Wylie always visited Mr. Greeley in his parlour before he went out in the evening. Saturday, however, was their favorite day. Saturday was a whole holiday with Mr. Wylie; and the two spent the hours of the evening together from seven until midnight. Very quiet old fellows they were; never heard in the house, except for about half an hour late on Saturday evenings, when Mr. Greeley brought out an aged flute, of which the lower keys were a little uncertain; and Mr. Wylie trolled an ancient love-song, in a tenor voice, of which the upper notes were a trifle dubious. For eight years no harsh word had passed between them; and amongst the neighbors on either side their friendship had become a by-word. Certainly Mrs. Dunning had reason to say that she was fortunate in her lodgers.

At the top of the house were two tiny bedrooms; Mrs. Dunning occupied one of them, the other had long been untenanted.

One Monday morning Mr. Wylie knock-

ed at Mr. Greeley's door on his way out, and was admitted.

"News, Sam—news! and you'll never guess it!" exclaimed the sub-editor.

The chief cashier gave full rein to his imagination, and said:

"Mrs. Dunning going to take a second?"

"No."

"Your aunt Belinda dead, and left you the thousand pounds?"

"No."

"Blinkie been at the rum again?" Mr. Greeley's imagination was running dry. Blinkie was Mrs. Dunning's cat, which when the spirits in the gentlemen's cupboards disappeared too rapidly, she was in the habit of accusing of bibulous propensities.

"No."

"Then I can't guess any more, Will."

"What do you say to a new lodger?" queried Mr. Wylie.

"A new lodger—here, in this house?"

"Yes; and a lady."

"A lady, Will! Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Dunning has let the little back bed-room to a single lady?"

"Yes; and a young lady."

"Dear me! this must be inquired into. We had better bring up Mrs. Dunning."

said Mr. Greeley nervously.

"Why, Sam, old boy, we're not afraid of a young lady, are we?" asked Mr. Wylie.

"Eh!—no, not afraid; but you know, Will, we have always held the opinion that woman is—"

"So we have, Sam; especially when she's slapped."

"And you know, Will," went on Mr. Greeley, "that one of the conditions on which we took lodging with Mrs. Dunning was that no other lodgers, and in particular no ladies, were to be admitted. And don't you remember that affair at Ham-

mersmith the other day, when a young woman took lodgings for one night in a small respectable family, and nearly strangled an elderly gentleman in his bed in the middle of the night? We are neither of us strong men, Will."

"That's true, Sam. I didn't look at it in that light. Perhaps you had better have an explanation from Mrs. Dunning. I'm late, and must go. Good-night. Don't get too low about it, old fellow, and bolt your bedroom door."

Mr. Wylie went out, and Mrs. Dunning brought in Mr. Greeley's tea-tray.

"What is this, Mrs. Dunning? A new lodger, and a lady?"

"Yes, Mr. Greeley, sir," said Mrs. Dunning, setting down the tray, and interposing a couple of chairs between her lodger and herself.

"But a uncommon case, sir—quite a case, as I said to myself a comin' up the stairs, quite a case to move Mr. Greeley's art. The young lady—"

"I'm sure she is a lady, sir—came and said, said she, she is but eighteen years old, and obligated to live alone becos of a step-mother as uses her that shameful. Left a house in the next street, she says, through not likin' to meet on the stairs two young men which lodged there; bein' alone, and no protectin' and. Gets her own livin', sir, though she didn't say how, and desires of a quiet 'ome in a respectable 'ouse, where kitchen fire is not a hextra, and a mother's influence, as you might say, sir, thrown in with the tabellinen."

"You say that she's young, Mrs. Dunning?"

"Says she's eighteen, sir, and don't look hardly that. Was going right away when I said my lodgers was gentlemen; but came back when I said, quite solemn, they was both old enough to be her father."

"Eh?" said Mr. Greeley; "old enough to be her—"

"Father, sir—you and Mr. Wylie, sir; and such lodgers, I said, as a lady obligated through cruel fortune to let apartments at twenty-five shillings—which they'd be cheap at fifty—was never afore blessed with. When I mentioned your ages, sir—you and Mr. Wylie—the young lady said she'd stay at once. The name on the box is Chester—Miss Rose Chester."

"And where is Miss Chester at this moment, Mrs. Dunning?"

"In the back kitchen, sir, a-curlin' of her front hair."

"Thank you, Mrs. Dunning. You may go."

"Thanking you, sir, which I will."

That interesting operation in the back kitchen referred to by Mrs. Dunning, and but dimly apprehended by Mr. Greeley, being at length completed, there was a sound of light feet tripping briskly up the stairs; and presently the same feet tripped down again, the front door was opened, and Miss Chester ran down the garden and into the street. Mr. Greeley craned his neck perilously behind the window-blind, but saw only the back of the new lodger—though to be sure, it was a very pretty back. By-and-by the garden-gate swung open, and she returned. A latch-key turned in the door. Just then it occurred to Mr. Greeley that he would brush his overcoat, and he stepped into the passage to take it from the peg. The passages in the houses at Sunnyside, West-Kensington, being constructed on severely economical principles, there resulted a momentary encounter between Mr. Greeley and Miss Chester. Miss Chester's hands were full of packages, and in her maid's embarrassment she let one of them fall. Mr. Greeley picked it up, and replaced it. Miss Chester blushed and laughed a little musical laugh, and said "Thank you," as before. She had hardly set foot on the first landing when that same absurd package and another package slipped from her arms, and rolled to the bottom of the stairs. Mr. Greeley was equal to the occasion, gathered them up, and carried them to where Miss Chester stood—no longer laughing but blushing in a more desperately bewitching way than ever. She said, "Thank you so much; how very careless of me!" took them from him, retreated into her room, and shut the door.

"What a very odd thing!" said Mr. Greeley as he returned. "What an extraordinary thing!" he said as he reached his sitting-room. "I never saw packages behave in that way, before. A most interesting face," he went on, as he filled his pipe, and seated himself by the open

window; "and quite pretty little manners. I don't know that Mrs. Dunning ought to have acted otherwise than she has done; she could scarcely have refused to take Miss Chester in. Old enough to be her father, eh? Let us think—fifty-three, and Will's fifty-four. Will's older than I am."

In this way did Mr. Greeley meditate, as he smoked his evening pipe.

Miss Chester's face was more than interesting, though it was exceedingly pretty—an open, girlish face, with a fresh complexion; short, curly yellow hair; and a slender figure, which showed to advantage in a gauzy summer dress.

During the day while Mr. Greeley helped to administer the affairs of the government Savings Bank, Mr. Wylie was at home, taking his rest and ease.

He made his appearance at midday, having breakfasted in bed, and took a turn in the garden, to give himself an appetite for dinner. He was going up to his room as Miss Chester was coming down from her, accompanied by a diminutive dog, which she held in a leash. The dog broke from the leash, and, oblivious of the dignity of the Press, made for the legs of Mr. Wylie. Mr. Wylie had a constitutional fear of the canine race in general, and so far lost his presence of mind as to give a feeble shout, at the same time retreating backwards down the stairs, to the infinite peril of his head and limbs. Miss Chester seized her puppy somewhere in the neighborhood of the tail, held it up by that appendage, and, with her fan, slapped it indiscriminately in all parts of its body, all the while uttering the daintiest apologies to Mr. Wylie, who stood confusedly on the mat.

"You had, wicked dog, how dare you!" and Miss Chester shook her dog with such exceeding vigor that Mr. Wylie feared the tail would give way.

"I'm afraid it will come out, if you shake it in that way," he said, mildly; and Miss Chester desisted.

Mr. Wylie opened the door for her, flattening himself against the wall to avoid the puppy's grinders, and Miss Chester, with a profusion of smiles and thanks, slipped out.

"Quite like a beam of sunshine, quite fairly, quite—! I declare I feel several years younger;" and Mr. Wylie ran his fingers through his scant gray stubble, pulled up at his collar, and mounted the stairs two at a time. He took down from his book-shelf an old pocket-book, and scanned its pages attentively for a few moments. "Fifty-four last birthday and Sam is fifty-three. I fancy I look rather younger than Sam."

"Sam," said Mr. Wylie, when he met his friend in the evening, what do you think of our new lodger?"

"A very pleasing young lady, I think," answered Mr. Greeley.

"A fine girl, I think, Sam," said the sub-editor.

"O no, Will, I don't think I'd say that. Pleasing and—very interesting, if you like," replied Mr. Greeley.

"No, no; that's not half strong enough. You haven't seen her eyes—Sam. My eye, what! And her mouth—O Sam, what a mouth!"

"Steady, Will, steady," said his friend, gravely. "Remember that maxim of ours."

"O, bother, Sam; I don't think the maxim will do at all in this case. Good-night, Sam. I don't think you need bolt your bedroom door, old fellow."

And Mr. Wylie buttoned his coat, and went out.

"Will is partially right," mused the cashier as he sat over his tea. "This is very much more than an 'interesting young woman.' But I don't like 'fine girl' at all. She has lovely eyes. I didn't quite like Will's manner. I must talk seriously with him. Will ought not to forget his years."

Within the next couple of days a change had come over the little household. Miss Chester, all unwittingly, was the cause of it. Her girl's voice echoed sweetly through the house all day; and Mr. Wylie on the first floor heard it, and heard it not unmoved.

"What a delicious voice!" he said to himself a hundred times a day.

Then she would run up and down the stairs on little errands of her own, and out into the garden, where her presence made the sickly flowers and the dusty evergreens sicker and more dusty.

When Mr. Wylie took his solitary turn there, after she had gone, he found the garden dingy which he had thought so gay before. Then he would look down at himself and think.

"What a devil of a shabby old fellow I am! I must improve—I must brighten up a bit."

But he kept his feelings and his thoughts to himself.

Mr. Greeley heard the same bird-like voice in the evening, and would sit concealed in the window when Miss Chester ran out and down the street, following her dancing steps, and wishing the days back again when he had been as light of foot as she was then. His parlor seemed not so cheerful as it had been.

"But it needs another hand than mine to brighten it," he said. "I'm a rusty old chap," he thought at other times. "The rust has settled on me these many years. I wonder whether any of it would rub off now!"

But he kept all these things to himself. Something had interposed itself between the two old friends—the chief cashier and the sub-editor—an indescribable shadowy something that made their intercourse not quite what it had been before. They had not quarreled; they met and talked, morning and evening, as usual; but the spontaneity had gone out of their greetings, and they spoke constrainedly about things that did not interest them. For all this Miss Chester was to blame.

She went out every evening about seven, and returned at half-past ten.

It was on the Thursday after the arrival of the new lodger that Mr. Wylie, having dined, took a walk in the direction of the shops. On his return, Mrs. Dunning greeted him with an expression of surprise:

"Law, Mr. Wylie, you look quite haltered; you've been and done something to yourself!"

"Do you observe an improvement, Mrs. Dunning?" the sub-editor asked, in a complacent tone.

"Well, sir, you certainly do look a bit spryer."

Mr. Wylie showed no offence at this criticism; on the contrary, it seemed to afford him satisfaction.

Mr. Greeley, when his friend visited him in the evening, noticed the change in his appearance.

"What have you done to yourself, Will?" he asked. "Why, good heavens, William!" he exclaimed, in a voice of alarm, "you've had your hat ironed."

For answer, Mr. Wylie tilted his hat an inch or two forward in the direction of his eye-brow, struck an attitude as nearly as possible, and winked slowly with one eye.

"William," said Mr. Greeley with much concern—"William, what is the matter? You are not well."

"O, yes, Sam," answered Mr. Wylie, in a jocular tone. "I am better than I have been for years. You notice the change, eh?"

But Mr. Greeley was neither pleased nor satisfied. He said very gravely:

"What does this mean, William? A man at your time of life does not get his hat ironed for nothing."

"I had mine ironed for sixpence," murmured Mr. Wylie.

"You are flippant, William," said his friend. "I spoke not of pence, but of sinister motives."

"Why, Sam, come now, it wanted ironing, you know," urged the sub-editor, in conciliatory tones.

"William," replied Mr. Greeley very earnestly; "it has wanted ironing for years! Why choose this particular time? Would you trifle with the affections of a young and guileless heart?"

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"Nonsense, Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie testily; "what on earth has the ironing of a hat to do with the affections of a young and guileless heart?"

"I speak in this way, William," replied the chief cashier, "because I observe a change in you. You are not the same man you were two days ago. William, let me beg that you suffer yourself to be guided by me."

"Now, Sam, this is not reasonable. It is you who are changed, and not I. You're not yourself to-night. Keep quiet and recover. I mean to have my hat ironed as often as I choose. Good-night, Sam."

"Would William Wylie behave traitorously?" mused Mr. Greeley, when left to himself. "I trust not. But why, then, has he had his hat ironed? I must observe him narrowly. But why should I? Surely the girl has eyes. Surely a hat that has been restored for the sum of sixpence, which carries the evidence of restoration on its front, could not blind her to manifold personal defects."

Nevertheless, Mr. Greeley was ill at ease. He revolved the situation in his mind; he slept on it; and next morning, for the first time in seven years, he went out without visiting his friend.

In the middle of the day, Mr. Greeley took to himself an hour for luncheon, spending it generally in an ancient shop and coffee-house near Cornhill, where he partook of a small steak and a half-pint of Burton, with the newspaper, propped against the pepper-bottle, in front of him, the head waiter, at his elbow, expounding the virtues of the steak, or explaining many knotty problems in politics and political economy.

But on the day following the affair of Mr. Wylie's hat, Mr. Greeley, having swallowed hastily three-pennyworth of bread and cheese—a species of passover, which he ate, like a child of Israel, with his lions grinded, his shoes on his feet, and his staff (or umbrella) in his hand—took a twopenny bus to Oxford street, and was set down at the establishment of a well-known tailoring firm, where, in the window, was a display of ready-made garments, which offered the combined advantages of a large pattern and a small price.

His eye was particularly taken by a set of garments ticketed to the effect that "This kind of thing is in great request for honeymooners." He stood irresolute before it for a few minutes; then his brow clouded, and muttering, "He has had his hat ironed, has he?" Mr. Greeley made a dive into the shop.

Returning home in the evening, he spied his friend making a purchase of flowers at the florist's. It was a cornucopia, with doors opening into two streets; and Mr. Greeley went in at the door opposite to that by which Mr. Wylie had entered, and bought a basket of strawberries. Their eyes met across the counter, but they would not recognize each other.

It chanced that Miss Chester came up the street immediately behind them, and the three proceeded in Indian file towards Mrs. Dunning's—Mr. Wylie in the van, with an immense and brilliant bouquet of flowers, the declining sun imparting a new glory to his hat; Mr. Greeley coming next, with his strawberries; and Miss Chester, all unconscious of the rent her prettiness had made in an ancient friendship, bringing up the rear.

Mr. Wylie, being the first in the house, proceeded up-stairs with his bouquet. Mr. Greeley, following him, stood politely holding the door until the arrival of Miss Chester, to whom he tendered his offering, with the speech which was the nearest approach to gallantry that he ever made:

"The person in the shop assured me that they were gathered this morning. I—I hope that you will eat them all!" The contents of the basket would have weighed about a pound and three-quarters.

Miss Chester declared the strawberries were the finest she had ever seen.

"But I could never eat them all myself. Won't you take one?" she said; and, with her own fingers, selected a strawberry which, in point of size, left the traditional giant gooseberry nowhere.

Mr. Wylie bolted the fruit at one mouthful, and immediately afterwards became so strangely agitated that Miss Chester, with the deepest tenderness, asked whether it had disagreed with him.

"No, Miss Chester," he replied, speaking with difficulty; for his emotion overpowered him. "No, it is not the strawberry."

Miss Chester expressed herself much relieved.

"I say, Miss Chester," repeated Mr. Greeley, with increased earnestness, "it is not the strawberry."

Miss Chester again said that she was very glad, and asked if he would take another.

Mr. Greeley threw more tenderness than might have been expected into the assurance that he had eaten sufficient; and Miss Chester, reiterating her thanks, swallowed two strawberries at once, and slipped away.

On the landing, blushing and eager, was Mr. Wylie with his bouquet. "Flowers, Miss Chester; a few flowers," he said tremblingly. "They have a language; perhaps you know it. They speak from the heart—to the heart—of the heart."

He had learned a verse of poetry for the occasion; but often when the heart is fullest the memory is most treacherous; and so it was with Mr. Wylie.

Miss Chester, partially laden with Mr. Greeley's strawberries, took Mr. Wylie's flowers with a modest smiling. "Thank you! O, how pretty! Will you not take one for yourself, and—wear it?" And she plucked a moss-rose from the bouquet, and gave it him.

Mr. Wylie carried it to his nose, tasted its odor, and was seized with a violent fit of trembling.

With the quick tender, instinct of a woman, Miss Chester imagined a thorn or surreptitious bee, and ventured on a timid inquiry.

"No, Miss Chester," answered Mr. Wylie; "but there is another kind of thorn, and there are bees in the—"

"Bonnet!" suggested Miss Chester, with a sweet smile.

"Hal! hal! very good; very good indeed, Miss Chester! In the bonnet, eh? Yes, some of us, I fear, are afflicted with a bee in the bonnet." And Mr. Wylie threw a significant glance in the direction of Mr. Greeley's apartments.

"Will you take a strawberry?" said Miss Chester; but was sorry the next moment, for the expression on Mr. Wylie's countenance was as though she had invited him to take a dose of arsenic.

"But won't you go and put your rose in water? or it will fade," she said, anxious to cover the mistake which she perceived that she had made.

"Ah! will it ever fade?" replied Mr. Wylie, feeling that his poetry was returning to him.

"O, yes, indeed it will, ever so quickly!" said Miss Chester; "and so will mine, if I don't see to them at once." And she ran away upstairs to her room.

An hour or so later, when Mrs. Dunning was occupied with Mr. Greeley's tea-table, she made a singular disclosure.

"Law, sir," she said, "what do you suppose Miss Chester does for her living?"

"I cannot say, Mrs. Dunning," replied Mr. Greeley. "What does Miss Chester do?"

"Rides 'ossback in a circus, sir."

Mr. Greeley left fall his meerschaum pipe, which would infallibly have been broken, had not Mrs. Dunning caught it in her apron.

"Law, yes, sir!" continued the landlady. "That's what she tells me. Not likin' to see her go out of an evening and come 'ome never before 10.30, I say to her, 'Do you think it respectable, my dear, and me not used to such ways, no, a never shall be.' And then she up and says, quite quiet and modest, that she belongs to Butler's Circus, which, from a child, she 'ave ridden the bare-back 'oss, bein' the station of life to which Providence 'as called her, likewise short skirts and sating shoes, and her 'air a-bowin' down her back."

"And this is really the truth, Mrs. Dunning?" said Mr. Greeley.

"Which eight years come Michaelmas next you 'as been with me, sir, and never, which well you know it, Mr. Greeley, found me anything but truthful."

"Of course I don't doubt your word, Mrs. Dunning; but it is a strange profession for such a girl as Miss Chester seems to be. Butler's Circus, do you say?"

"Yes, sir, they hacts close again James street, and Miss Chester's on in the front street, sir, which being but young, the manager lets her, so as she can be 'ome and a-bed at a decent Christian hour. Young Mr. Butler, she says, always sees her 'ome, and sometimes comes to fetch her. I do believe this is the gentleman a-comin' up the garden."

SEASIDE AND DOWN.

She was as dainty as a peach,
And he met her on the beach,
By the sea.
They would sit upon the sand,
And he'd hold her little hand
On his knee.
They would twitter soft and low,
Sickish nothings, don't you know,
Of their love.
While he'd gaze in her blue eyes,
And compare them with the skies
Up above.
After supper they would prance
Through the mazes of the dance
At the top.
Till one day he asked her hand,
She replied in a voice quite bland,
"See my pop."
The old man gave consent,
And at last to 'own they went
By the train.
But soon rivals flocked about
The poor youth, getting knocked out,
Went insane.
Don't propose down by the sea,
If you'd ever married be,
My dear boy.
There's something in salt air,
Makes more tickle fickle fair,
Though less coy.

A Slight Mistake.

The N. Y. Sun tells a good story quite worth repeating. It runs as follows:

A few days ago a registered letter was received at Post Office Station A, addressed to an aged German living in the neighborhood, and was given to the letter-carrier for delivery, but was returned to the station because its owner was not at home, and there was no one on the premises authorized to sign the required receipt. After several other efforts to deliver it, it was sent to the General Post Office, and the German, on calling at the station and making inquiry about it, was informed of the facts, and furnished with a slip of paper on which was written a certificate that would enable him to obtain the letter on application at the General Post Office.

Armed with this document, he made his way to the Federal building and was soon wandering through its mazes seeking for the "Registered Letter Department." Observing on the gallery a line of citizens standing outside the closed door of an office, each provided with a slip of paper similar in appearance to the slip he held, he fell in at the foot of the line, which was rather a long one. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes the office door opened, a man emerged and departed, a voice called "Next!" The man at the head of the line entered, and the door closed behind him. In about an hour and a half the patient German's turn arrived, and, entering the room, he found himself alone with a gentleman of professional aspect, who, giving a hasty glance at the slip of paper, said:

"That's all right—take off your coat."
"Take off mine coat? You think I come for? To get shaved? I want—"
"Oh, that's all right—take off your coat; I can't examine you unless you do."
"Den I was got to be examined? So? Dot's all right, I s'pose," and off came the coat.

"Well, take off your waistcoat and shirt; do you think I can examine you with your clothes on?"

"Look here, mine vriend, you dink I was a tie? You want to search me? Well, dot's all right. I peen an honest man, by gracious, and you don't vind no stolen bropery my clothes inside. I was neder zearch before already—"

"I don't want to search you; I want to examine you. Don't you understand?"
"No, ton't—understand him at all—but dot's all right—dere's my shirt off, and if I cold catch, dot vill your fault peen."

The professional looking gentleman placed his hand affectionately on the visitor's shoulder-blade and applied his ear to his chest, listening intently. Then he tapped him on the breast-bone and punched him on the small of the back, inquiring if it hurt.

"Hurt? No, dot don't hurt; but maybe if dose foolishness don't stop, somebody ellus gits bretty soon hurt."

"Does that hurt?" was the next question, accompanied by a gentle thrust among the ribs.

"No, dot don't hurt, but py gracious, if—"

"Oh, be quiet, I'm in a hurry, and have got a dozen more to attend to. Now, can you read this card when I hold it out so?"

"No."

"Can you read it now? bringing it a few inches nearer."

"No, but you choost pring me out my shagdagles by my goat bocket, and I read him."

"Oh, that won't do; your eyesight is defective. I'm sorry to say, and you are rejected. Put on your clothes again, please, quick."

"Dot's all right. So I was rejected, ch? Well, dot was nezessary. I subboze, but they's very yunny, choost the same. Und now I've peen rejected und examined, und all dose things vot you dot mit me, maybe you don't nosse objections got to gif me dot rechistered letter?"

"What registered letter?"

"Dot rechistered letter vot vos spoken about on dis biece of baper from Station A."

"The dickens! Who sent you to me with that? I thought you had come to me to be examined. Didn't you apply for an appointment as a letter carrier?"

"As a letter carrier? No, I don't want to be a letter carrier. I haf goot business got py mine own self; but, py gracious, I vount mine rechistered letter vrom Ger many vot mine brudder sents me py Station A."

"Here," said the professional gentleman, opening the door and calling the messenger from the lobby; "show this gentleman to the registered letter department;" and the bewildered foreigner was conducted to the proper window.

It happened to be the day for the examination by the post-office medical officer, of candidates for appointment as letter carriers.

Mrs. Smith is a practical woman. When she was told of a wonderful instance of prayer cure, she remarked: "Only think of it! It didn't cost one cent, did it?"

"Buchu-Palpa."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Drugists.

The Fate of an Ancient Weather Prophet.

The career of Wiggins calls to mind the punishment which Dean Swift and some of his friends inflicted upon a weather-prophesying impostor in Queen Anne's time, known as Partridge, the almanac maker; but he soon left that for the more profitable and less laborious pursuits of quack, prophet and humbug generally. His pretensions imposed on credulous people and his almanacs were bought by thousands. To show what sorry quacks Wiggins and Vennor are, notwithstanding the lapse of two centuries, during which the art of humbugging has been developed immensely, they have not improved in the least on Partridge's system. He, just as they, foretold storms in March and December, showers in April, hot weather in August and frost in November, and made as loud boasts as if a hit was made.

Swift became disgusted at Partridge's pretensions, and determined to put him down. Walking around London one day, he noticed over a smith's shop the sign, "Isaac Bickerstaff." It struck his fancy, and he stored it in his memory for future use. In January, 1708, Partridge came out with his almanac as usual. A few weeks afterward London was astonished by the publication of a small sheet which purported to contain the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer. It made a profound sensation, and the sale was great. Instead of the vague and indefinite hints at futurity which Partridge's almanacs contained, it foretold foreign and domestic events with the greatest particularity, giving even the hour of the day when deaths of famous men, great victories and defeats should occur.

But one statement created the most talk; for at 11 o'clock on the 29th of March it was predicted that Partridge, the almanac maker, would die. Partridge himself stoutly denied its truth; but it was of no use. On the 30th of March another pamphlet came out giving a circumstantial account of his death, after a sincere repentance of his sins and a confession of the worthlessness of his almanac. Everybody believed he was dead, and Partridge was never able to convince the public that he was still alive. It broke up his business, and in a few years he really died. It is a pity that the Dean isn't still on earth to deal with Vennor and Wiggins. A good dose of ridicule is probably the most effectual weapon which can be used against them, and the Dean was a master of the art.

Scottish Lake-Dwellings.

Scotland, it appears, can boast of its ancient lake-dwellers, though these seem to have lived at a later date than their brethren in Switzerland. In Wigtonshire, the lake-dwellings, or crannogs, were especially numerous—the lakes being literally studded with these curious habitations. Of the tools, etc., found near these crannogs, stone objects are comparatively few, while those of bone, horn, and wood are numerous. Military remains are only feebly represented by a few iron daggers and spearheads, one or two doubtful arrow-points, and a quantity of so-called pebbles and sling-stones. On the other hand, a very large percentage of the articles consist of querns, hammerstones, polishers, flint-flakes, and scrapers, stone and clay spindle-whorls, pins, needles, and bodkins, knife-handles of red-deer horn, together with many other implements of the same material; bowls, lades and other vessels of wood, some of which were turned on the lathe; knives, axes, saws, hammers, chisels and gauges of iron; several crucibles, lumps of iron slag and other remains of metals, etc. From all these there can be no ambiguity as to the testimony they afford of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries by the lake-dwellers.

Of the food used by these ancient lake-dwellers an examination of the osseous remains taken from the lake-dwellings of Dowdall, Lochie, and Biston, shows that the Celtic-Scythians (Boslongifrons), the so-called goat-horned sheep (Ovis aries, var. brachyrus), and a domestic breed of pigs were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red-deer and roe buck showed that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds only the goose has been identified, but this is no criterion of the extent of their encroachment on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones have been collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare the occupiers of Lochspouts Crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shell-fish. In all the lake-dwellings the broken shells of hazel-nuts were in profuse abundance.

Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who made himself very obnoxious to northern men during the late "unpleasantness" by writing very unkind and exceedingly wrong-headed criticisms of American public men in the English newspapers of which he was correspondent, has recently issued a volume entitled "America Revisited," in which he makes a very frank confession. He says: "When I first went to the United States, in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than I hope I am now. When I landed in America the country was involved in one of the most terrific internecine struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side—that is to say, I was an ardent sympathizer with the south in her struggles against the north. In so taking a side I was neither logical nor worldly-wise—in short, I approved myself what is commonly called a fool; but my partiality for 'Dixie's Land' was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling; and at 24 years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality."

Longfellow was gifted with a rare insight into character, and always said the right word to the right person. On being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quick-witted old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the syllables of their names. "Worth" makes the man, and want of it the fellow," replied Longfellow, quoting Pope's famous line, and making one of the best repartees on record.

VARIETIES.

"What's the matter, invalid?" inquired Patience, alarmed, as she hurriedly awoke him.

"A bull had me in the corner of the fence," groaned he.

He was in great suffering, and she opened the medicine chest, got out materials for a mustard plaster, and a little spirit lamp to heat it with, and went to the end of the car to prepare it.

"Make it hot and strong," muttered he, with great restraint preventing himself from exclaiming with pain.

His wife, with the plaster all ready, soon came back softly so as not to awake anyone. The car was darkened, and all the sections looked alike, and, for a moment, she was confused, but a smothered snore, which sounded like a groan, near at hand assured her. She quickly drew aside the curtain and clapped the poultice "on the spot it would do the most good." The invalid just then poked his head out, a little further down the aisle, and, in smothered tones called:

"Quick, Patience, quick!"

She gave only one leap, like a shot, from into his section, drew the curtain, and nearly swooned away.

"Great Scott! what's the matter?" whispered he.

She managed somehow to gasp out what she had done, and, presto, the invalid was cured; for he shook up his whole internal organization so hard in the effort to restrain a big yawn, that he actually scared the pain away.

"That man, whoever he is, will be boiling, piping hot pretty soon," was his sole comment.

In about fifteen minutes the stillness of that car was broken by a volley of shrieks that raised the hair on the back of everyone.

"Blank! blank! blank!"—Blank! blank! blank! blank! blank! blank! blank!

THE REASON WHY.—"Where's the old steward?" inquired a traveler, as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the speaker. "Why was he kicked out?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he got too big for his breeches and we bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occurred within the hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on the steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and after bestowing a casual glance around, said:

"I don't see the old steward. What has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No, sir," piped a small voice from the cabin door. Looking around the inquirer saw the smiling face of a girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "why was the steward discharged?"

"O, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "Come, tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly answered, "cause his pants were too short."

In the early days of railroading in Missouri, a six-footed stranger with a bad look in his eye one day entered a station on the line of the Blank and Dash road, pulled out ten shares of stock in the company, and inquired of the station master if there were any dividends on the stock.

"Never heard of any," was the reply.

"Didn't any body ever try to collect dividends?"

"If they did they didn't get anything."

"This stock ought to pay ten per cent," continued the stranger. "Here's a thousand dollars. Ten per cent a year would be one hundred dollars."

"I've held these shares three months, which would be twenty-five dollars. Pardner, I want my div!"

"But I've nothing to do with it. You must go to St. Louis."

"Too far away! I'm going to collect here and save time. Pilgrim, count out my div!"

The above peroration was followed by the sight of a six-shooter, and an expression which meant business, and the agent didn't consume three minutes counting out the money, which the stranger took and walked out, with the remark that he never invested in stock paying less than ten per cent, and didn't believe in cumulative dividends. This was the only dividend paid by that road for thirteen years, and the agent, on a salary of \$40 a month, had to stand that.

"Dre you ever hear how all the drivers on a certain Pittsburg street railroad became conductors?" asked the driver of a Woodland Avenue car of a Cleveland Herald reporter, the other night.

"No; how was it?"

"Well, you see it was when the conductors used to collect the fares without being bothered with a bell-punch. The company got to suspecting the conductors, and all sorts of schemes were devised to 'get on' to them. Ladies were sent over the line to count the tickets taken, and other ways were taken, but it didn't work. So one day we drivers were all asked up to the company's office and were each given a handful of corn. Every time the conductor would take a nickel we would transfer a kernel of corn from our right-hand pocket to our left. Coming out of the office one of the drivers said:

"Boys, hain't we been drivers 'bout long enough? There was a wink all around, and in about an hour all that corn was in our left pocket. We reported back to the office, and the next day we were all conductors—see!"

"I was dining yesterday evening at one of the Boulevard restaurants," writes a contributor to one of the Paris evening papers, "and had just arrived at the cheese stage of my repast. A delightful piece of Roquefort was set before me, ripe, vivacious, self-mobilizing. There is nothing I like better than a lively cheese; and I had just transferred a spoonful of the delicacy in question to my plate, when my neighbor at the table sprang to his feet with a cry of horror, clutched my wrist with an iron grasp, and exclaimed: 'Hold, monster! Never shall you swallow a mouthful of that cheese in my presence!' And pray why not? I inquired in angry amazement. 'Because, cruel man, I am a member of the Central Society for the Protection of Animals!'"

The other day a certain foreign countess was interrogating her son's tutor as to Young Hopeful's progress in his studies.

"How gets on the viscount?" said she.

"Wonderfully well, my lady; we are working hard at the sciences. The viscount is particularly well up in chemistry."

"Indeed! Ah, then, Henri, my child, do tell me what is dynamite?"

"Fardon me, madame," interrupted the tutor, "but nowadays dynamite does not belong to chemistry; it is considered as a part and parcel of political economy."

Chaff.

A corset is nothing more or less than a waist band.

A man's mind is like his bed; it must be made up occasionally.

A man's hobby rides him a great deal often or than he rides it.

A telegraph wire is like a mustache. It is of no use when it is down.

Hand-organs are ripening.—N. Y. Com. Adv. Beginning to turn?

Agricultural Item: Never cultivate an acquaintance with a "rake."

A newly-married Detroit clergyman took for his text, "She pleased me well."

Nobody wishes the baby stolen, still it is a relief when the nurse cries it at night.

Punch says that the English reward of bravery is a garter and a wooden leg to wear it on.

It was a western Congressman who described Vichy as being spring water full of spiritual bird shot.

When may a man's coat pocket be empty, and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it!

An egg rarely does the best, says the New Orleans Picayune, as its yolk is easy and its shell is light.

Style is only the frame to hold your thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

What is the difference between a sweep and a man in mourning? One is blacked with soot and the other suited with black!

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition or a mere child in sense.

"Surely you've not washed this morning, Tommy?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late last night I didn't think I required it!"

An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores by asking if they had any "yaller developments, such as they did up letters in."

"Don't put me around so," said the thief to the policeman. "I have a felon on my finger!"

"And I have my finger upon a felon," remarked the policeman with a sardonic smile.

Whenever you see a man coming out of a country drug store, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, you may know that the fellow is suffering under a combined attack of malaria and the license law.

"You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Courtland last Sunday night. "I rather think I would if you would ask me," was the response. He bought a ring next day.

The following is what an eavesdropper heard: "Now, Mr. Davis, you must run up to the third story and get my smelling bottle and my fan." David Davis took a bushel and a half of soap and went home.

"What county do you represent, sir?" asked one individual of another in front of a saloon in St. Paul, Minn., one day last week. "I'm a member of the Legislature," was the reply. "I'm only a private citizen on a drunk."

A man who was arrested for cruelty to a miserable looking horse was asked if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him! That's a good 'un," was the reply. "He's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em."

Colorado points with a great deal of pride to the fact that one of her inhabitants was killed while gathering fuel for his own barn yard. As a general thing, Colorado men engaged in that kind of enterprise die in the yards of their neighbors.

"If your boarding house should take fire at night would you do to get the people out?" asked the fire marshal of an experienced matron. "Oh, there would be no trouble about that," was the reply. "I would just ring the bell and tell 'em to get out. They would be in the dining-room in three minutes."

"Say, why is a hawk like an editor?" said our spring poet, pensively, the other day. "Because he soars aloft in the blue empyrean, and 'Sto! Sto! Sto!' he cries." "Then why?" we asked. "Because he lives by his talons." They have laid him gently to sleep, where the weary are at rest and bad bills are an unknown quantity.

An Impudent Dandy.—Guileless young woman: "Oh Uncle, I do wish you would take me with you. I adore those French operettas."

Discriminating male relative: "It isn't a proper place for you, my dear girl." G. Y. W.: "But it is all in French, and I should not understand more than half what was said." D. M. R.: "Yes, my dear, but which half?"

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup. Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

MANCHESTER, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used N. H. Down's Elixir in my family for years, and for coughs, colds, croup and affections of the lungs always find it a sure and speedy remedy. It is not a humbug, like some of the advertised nostrums.

R. HOWARD, Judge of Probate.

BERLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 26, 1882.

I have used "Down's Elixir" for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well part with in my family.

J. D. HATCH, Mayor.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AFTER MARRIAGE—WHAT?

As a sort of corollary to last week's "Lecture on Matrimony," perhaps the consideration of this subject may not be inappropos, for, strangely enough, the thoughts of the young girl who has given a blushing "yes" to her lover, seldom get further than the wedding day. She looks upon marriage as a ceremony which is to make her the object of envy among her girl companions, the recipient of many gifts, the possessor of a "lot of new clothes," and holds but little converse with herself regarding the duties and cares, the responsibilities and perplexities of the new life. She will have greater liberty as wife than as daughter, a more honorable social position, will be a more important factor in the world as head of a home, than before, but after all, the girl bride has, to a certain degree, only changed masters. Mrs. Grundy is no less inclined to keep "her weather eye" upon her minion, and acts and utterances smiled at or indulgently condoned in the girl, are met with open disapproval in the married woman. Moreover, she has to adjust herself to a new relationship with the former lover. She has expected the new life to be a continuance of the "courtship," full of the old loverlike assiduous attention and deference. But possession generally changes all this. The pursuit is over, the game won, and the young wife not infrequently mistakes the contented quietude of her husband for the beginning of that marital indifference of which she has heard, and perhaps vaguely noted among "the old married folks" of her acquaintance. Conditions are reversed; the wife has changed place; whereas she was once first, sought, approached with reverence, she finds she is now second, and claims what was once hers to grant or refuse. Very possibly, too, she finds her hero falling somewhat short of her ideal; her Sir Galahad is but

a faulty being, with a substantial appetite, very pronounced views on the quality of coffee, and possibly a touch of human frailty in the way of a temper. It is at this time that native good sense and self control are most essential; this period calls for more mutual forbearance than any other of the married life, this time when the *couleur de rose* of courtship is slowly fading into the sober hue of every day life and intimate, unreserved companionship.

It is not well to insist upon too great intimacy, too absolute surrender. Something must be left to faith and trustfulness. Strive to preserve a little of the illusion, the uncertainty, the coquetry, of courtship. Psyche, beloved of Cupid, was supremely happy though she had never seen him, till jealous and mischief-making tongues began to whisper to her that no husband worthy of her would hide himself in darkness. Her curiosity once aroused, she sought to gratify it, the drop of burning oil aroused him, and he flew away; and she mourned her lost love sadly till she was forgiven. This old fable may teach us two excellent lessons, one, to respect each other's individuality and personal rights, the other, to listen to no tale-bearing, to allow no complaints, and to make none. If trouble comes, as come it will into all lives, remember a great poet speaks of the sublimity of silent endurance. One of the first lessons to be learned is to restrain the tongue; Cato says: "He approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is right." Many a young couple who would have steered successfully among the shoals and eddies of matrimony, have been parted by the injudicious intervention of well-meaning relatives, who "forgot to remember" that in family matters no outsider ought to meddle, and that it is a heinous offence to bring any influence to bear upon the lives of others, which shall tend to the severing of the most holy and sacred of ties. Marriage is of all obligations the most solemn, it is a partnership till death, with the prospect of continued happy existence in another world. It is not to be lightly entered upon, but the vows, once spoken, should be considered as final; the thought of a possibility to the contrary should not be allowed to enter the mind.

It is conceded by all thoughtful persons that the evil of divorce is one of the greatest and most difficult to handle of our time. For any cause, for all causes, for no cause at all, the law comes in to set free those who should be bound. In a certain county in this State, for a period of sixteen months, the number of marriages was 921, of bills for divorce filed, 202, or one divorce to every four and one-half marriages. Such statistics are certainly startling, and ought to induce serious thought on the part of those thinking of marriage. Young men are accused of a growing disinclination to marry, but one may be forgiven for hesitating to enter a state where so many who are in are doing their best to get out. For reasons for the frequency of divorces, we may note the ease with which a marriage, by our laws a civil contract, may be set aside, home education from which too often all moral or religious training is to a certain extent eliminated; and too many marriages *des consensu*, in which money and social position are more considered than individual preferences, or that love without which marriage loses its sacredness. Not infrequently, too, familiarity with the thought acts as a factor; it is not unusual to hear girls say, in answer to the remonstrances of their friends: "Oh, if we don't get on I'll get a divorce and try again." The idea thus familiar, the somewhat responsible for restlessness under marital bonds. Analytic fiction is superseding descriptive; novelists tell us the stories are all told, so they turn their microscopes upon human thought and feeling, and dissect our hearts and brains for us. There must be something abnormal or the analysis will not be interesting. We have the wife of one man and the mother of his children rendered as loving another better than he; her psychological struggles are depicted, and our sympathies enlisted. Or we have the gentleman who attitudinizes against the mantle-piece consumed with a passion for his neighbor's wife, of which she is half conscious, and their mental condition as they thus "play with fire" is skillfully delineated. The influence on a weak-minded individual who has an "uncongenial" companion is most unhealthy.

To all who are married, and all who are about to be, the advice is sound to shun the idea of the severance of the marriage tie as you would certain death. Do not allow yourself to think it possible to set aside that holy contract by appeal to man's laws; and "Divorce" will not be the answer to the question asked above.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

One of the most promising "signs of the times" to the "superfluous women," is the increased number of employments which are open to them. Not very long ago teaching was the only business in which a woman could engage without losing that indefinable something which we call social caste, and sewing the only work to which she could turn if her necessities were greater than her pride. But in this day and generation, the American public, at least, accept as a fixed fact that a woman may do any work for which she is fitted by native talent or education; and socially she stands among her peers as what she is, not what she does. In other words, her executive ability, mental power, and strength of womanhood—that quality which makes some of the sex women, some ladies, and some females—are considered before the question is asked "What is her business."

Wherever we turn we are confronted by some woman who has set about earning her own living by her own honest labor. And many of them provide handsomely for themselves. Miss Booth gets a salary for editing *Harper's Bazar* which many a college professor might envy; Mrs. Frank Leslie, at her husband's death, took up the tangled threads of his business, and has tugged them into the goody fabric of success. A writer in the *Bazar* has re-

cently been interviewing business men in New York who employ women in their offices, and finds them everywhere commended as prompt, reliable, trustworthy, competent. Some employ women by preference—some because they will work at less rates—because they are more punctual, methodical and regular at their work than young men. Of women in art and literature it is unnecessary to speak; the old prejudice is pretty well overcome, and genius in petticoats gains as speedy recognition as in masculine garments, and society and business seems to admit that whatever a woman can do, she may do.

But this new condition seems to demand a change, or at least a remodeling, of our educational methods. Heretofore the instruction has been general, an *omnium gatherum* of science and ologies, with no reference to a special purpose, no training to a definite end. If our girls are to enter these new paths of industry, they ought to have, they must have, a different training from that to be had at our public schools. Many engaged in the new vocations have "picked up" their knowledge, as the saying goes, and perfected themselves by practice. But second class training makes second class artisans. Our public schools give all a chance for a "book education"; such schools are necessary, for it is not every one who has talent or ability, let alone need and inclination, for special training; but there are very many who would welcome technical instruction in some industrial trade as a godsend. Those who have taught will undoubtedly remember more than one among their pupils who gave evidence of natural turn of mind and hand toward drawing, designing, modeling or inventing. Untaught, they grew up conscious of "dinked talents," with proper instruction who knows how much the art and industry of the world might be aided by them?

Technical schools are not numerous in America; the most noted being perhaps the Cooper Institute in New York City, the worthy and enduring monument of the great philanthropist who "entered into rest" two weeks ago. What a grand legacy it is, to endure when the Vanderbilt ball, said to have cost almost as much as the original endowment, is forgotten! Words cannot tell nor money estimate the value of that one institution to the young men and women of

(Continued from first page.)
cured, and what is the treatment? She has never had any treatment at all. She slipped on the ice some six or seven weeks ago, which my neighbor thinks is the cause of them. They are in the place of the leg described by Youatt as wind galls. Yours,
M. D.

Answer.—The trouble with your neighbor's mare is synovitis; a disease requiring much attention, skillful treatment and careful nursing to effect a cure. It may be the result of accident or of hereditary transmission. If the latter, the chances of a radical cure are unfavorable. Should you purchase the animal, we will advise you in regard to the treatment.

No Diagnosis.

BAY CITY, MICH., April 14, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—I have a colt that does not seem to be just right, and I write to you for information through your valuable paper, which I have taken for a good many years. The colt is four years old this coming spring; was kept a stud till last fall when he was castrated, up to that time he had been closely confined in a box stall. Since last fall he has been driven nearly every day, and when driven by ten miles he will be stiff and lame for a few days and then seems to get over it after he is left quiet for a few days. He has been shod, but that does not seem to make any difference with him. When he is taken with this soreness he seems to be in pain, and wants to lie down most of the time, and groans as if he suffered from pain in a good deal. Once when I had him out he was taken with a lameness forward which seemed to be in his shoulder, and he could hardly lean on his leg, but in a day or two he seemed to get all over it. When in his stall he dislikes to step around with his hind legs, and sometimes will not allow one to rub his back.

W. H. M.

Answer.—Your communication received too late for our last issue. It is difficult, or simply impossible, to diagnose your case without the opportunity of a personal examination of the animal. Such symptoms are often due to some organic trouble, as of the heart, the liver, etc., or from rheumatism. We would consult your interest best by advising you to summon a competent veterinary surgeon, and be governed by his advice.

HEAVY tragedian at a railway hotel—"Priest, landlord, dwellers there in the precincts of this hamlet's machinist!"
Landlord—"A machinist? Yes, sir."
Tragedian—"Then take him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our reglement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And, pray you, do it quickly. You peas need not carry, for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"

Two young fellows stood in front of a bill board the other night intently perusing the announcement of the Boston Ideal Company. Finally one remarked: "What is the 'Boston Ideal,' anyhow?" The latter looked at him contemptuously for a moment and replied in a deprecating tone: "Don't you know what the 'Boston Ideal' is? Why, you nunny, it's baked beans."

Almost Incredible, Yet Absolutely True.

A \$95 24-Stop Organ for Only \$49.75.

The offer made in this issue of our Weekly by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, N. J., is characteristic of the enterprise of this well-known manufacturer. He offers to you, a reader of our paper, one of his renowned latest style \$95 organs for only \$49.75, and delivers it free, all freight charges prepaid by him, at your very door. This offer must be accepted on or before April 23, as after that date the price will be \$95; therefore do not hesitate, but order at once. Every instrument guaranteed or money will be refunded with interest. No manufacturer can show the amount of business transacted during the last four months than Mr. Beatty does. His shipments have been: December, 1,410 organs; January, 1,102 organs; February, 1,132 organs; March, 1,475 organs; besides some 543 pianofortes. His factory is taxed to its utmost capacity, running day and night. He has the largest and most complete factory in America; no one deserves success more than Mayor Beatty, for he understands and caters to every wish of the music-loving populace, and has his reward in the world-renowned reputation which his incomparable instruments have attained.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, April 17, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 3,224 bbls; against 5,068 bbls the previous week; shipments, 2,621 bbls. The market is very quiet, the movement of stock, as shown by the receipts and shipments, being extremely light. No change in values has occurred during the week. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process.....\$3 50 @
Winter wheat, city brands.....4 00 @
Winter wheat, country.....4 00 @
Minnesota brands.....6 00 @
Minnesota patents.....7 50 @
Rye flour.....4 00 @

Wheat.—Yesterday, after a week of depression and dullness, an improved tone pervaded the market. Receipts were very light, but shipments are equally so. Values were stronger and a shade higher on both spot and futures. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.04; No. 2, do, 95c; No. 3, do, 90c; No. 2 red, \$1.01; No. 3, do, 95c; rejected, 75c. In futures closing prices were as follows: May, \$1.05; June, \$1.07; July, \$1.08.

Corn.—Very little movement yesterday. No. 2 sold at 55¢; No. 3, 50¢; No. 4, 45¢.

Oats.—Market quiet but firm. No. 3 white, 45c; No. 2 mixed, 46c per bu.

Barley.—Very dull and unsettled; nominal terms are about \$1.25; 60c; offerings are seldom of such quality as to be worth outside figures.

Feed.—Inactive; offerings are light. Bran would command about \$15.50; coarse middlings at \$16, and fine feed at \$17.50; corn meal, \$20.25; corn and oats the same.

Butter.—The market is still very dull, although really choice seems to be looking up a little under active inquiry. Yesterday 1¢ 10¢ was paid for the best of the receipts, but most of the stock in the market is not selling above 12¢.

Cheese.—Market firm and steady, with best makes of full cream State selections at 12¢ to 15¢ per doz.

Eggs.—Market well supplied and quiet at 12¢ per doz.

Beeswax.—Scarcely and very firm; quotations are \$20.00 per lb.

Potatoes.—Market sat. City picked \$2.10 @ \$2.15 per bu.; unpicked, \$1.25 @ \$1.50.

Apples.—Very quiet; good stock are quoted at \$4 per bu. with poorer stock quoted at \$3.25 @ \$3.50 per bu.

Dried Fruit.—Apples, 1¢ @ 1.5¢ per lb.; peaches, 1¢ @ 1.5¢; blackberries, 1¢ @ 1.5¢; evaporated fruit, 1¢ @ 1.5¢.

THORBURN & TITUS,

158 Chambers St., New York.
Seeds for Garden & Farm
CATALOGUES MAILED UPON APPLICATION.

Hops.—No sales reported. Quotations are \$1.50 @ 2.00 for choice.
Peas.—Wisconsin dried blue peas, \$1.40 @ 1.50; split peas 3¢ @ 4¢.

Potatoes.—Very quiet; demands are light and scarce receipts. Quoted at 60¢ @ 65¢ per bu.
Honey.—Dull and weak. Fine white comb is quoted at 16¢ @ 18¢; strained, 12¢ @ 14¢.

Maple Sugar.—New is being offered at about 12¢ @ 14¢; receipts are quite large, and the market is quiet.

Pork.—Pork and lard active and firmer but with no advance in prices. Smoked meats firm and tending upward. Mess and dried beef steady at former quotations; tallow unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess.....\$18 75 @
Family do.....20 50 @
Clear do.....20 50 @
Lard in tierces, per b.....11 50 @
Lard in kegs, per b.....13 00 @
Hams, per b.....15 00 @
Shoulders, per b.....15 00 @
Choice bacon, per b.....15 00 @
Extra Mess beef, per bbl.....12 75 @
Tallow, per b.....13 00 @
Dried beef, per b.....13 00 @

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—35 loads: six at \$13; four at \$14; three at \$12 and \$9; two at \$11 and \$7; one at \$12.50, \$10 and \$8.
Tuesday.—35 loads: ten at \$13; eight at \$12; four at \$11; three at \$12.50, \$10 and \$8.
Wednesday.—40 loads: three at \$12; two at \$13; one at \$14 \$12.50, \$13.50, \$11 and \$10.
Thursday.—25 loads: six at \$12; five at \$10; four at \$8; three at \$14; two at \$13.50, \$13, \$11.50 and \$11; one at \$12.50, and \$12.50; five at \$13; three at \$10.50, \$10 and \$9; one at \$11 and \$9; one at \$12.50, \$10.50 and \$9.25.
Friday.—24 loads: seven at \$12; three at \$13; one at \$12.50, \$9, \$8 and \$7.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
At the Michigan Central Yards.
Saturday, April 14, 1883.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs
Albion.....25	100	100
Ann Arbor.....14	100	100
Augusta.....401	100	100
Battle Creek.....23	100	100
Bay City.....14	100	100
Clyde.....51	100	100
D. G. H. & M. R. Y.....32	100	100
Dexter.....33	100	100
East Saginaw.....8	100	100
Fowlerville.....23	100	100
Grand Blanc.....20	100	100
Grand Ledge.....15	100	100
Highland.....22	100	100
Howell.....23	100	100
Metamora.....48	100	100
Metamora.....88	100	100
Oxford.....171	100	100
Plymouth.....9	100	100
Portland.....15	100	100
Rochester.....249	100	100
South Lyon.....164	100	100
Ypsilanti.....70	100	100
Droit.....114	100	100
Total.....541	1,805	315

CATTLE.
The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 541, against 796 last week. There was an active demand from both butchers and shippers, the activity being kept up until all had changed hands. A large proportion of the offerings were of good quality. Prices, as compared with those of last week, were 15 to 25 cents per hundred higher. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:
Good to choice shipping steers.....\$5 75 @ 6 75
Fair shipping steers.....5 50 @ 6 50
Good to choice butchers' steers.....5 00 @ 6 00
Fair butchers' steers.....5 00 @ 6 00
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock.....4 75 @ 5 00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock.....4 00 @ 4 25
Bulls.....3 50 @ 4 00
Stocks.....4 00 @ 4 25

Clark sold Stevens 23 choice butchers' steers at 1.03 lbs at \$5.00.
Hope sold Stevens 2 good shipping steers at 1.24 lbs at \$5.75.

Brenahan sold Stevens 6 choice butchers' steers at 1.03 lbs at \$5.75.
Switzer & Ackley sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock at \$7.00 lbs at \$4.50.

Dolph sold Roe & Tucker 9 choice shipping steers at 1.48 lbs at \$6.30, and a bull weighing 1,000 lbs at \$4.50.
Stevens sold Rice 15 good butchers' steers at 1.01 lbs at \$5.30.

Baywood sold 18 choice butchers' steers at 900 lbs at \$5.70.
Houghton sold Roe and Tucker 15 good shipping steers at 1.23 lbs at \$6.30, and a bull weighing 1,000 lbs at \$4.50.

C. Roe sold Stevens 20 choice butchers' steers at 1.03 lbs at \$5.75.
Baywood sold Stevens 4 good shipping steers at 1.48 lbs at \$6.30, and a cow weighing 1,365 lbs at \$4.50.

C. Roe sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 22 head of good butchers' stock at \$4.70; 70 lbs at \$4.75, and a cow weighing 1,000 lbs at \$4.75.
Goodworth sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at \$7.00 lbs at \$4.50, and a steer at 770 lbs at \$4.25.

Conley sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock at \$4.50; 70 lbs at \$4.50.
Conley sold Henry 23 good butchers' steers and heifers at \$28 lbs at \$5.25.

Burlingame sold Drake 11 good shipping steers at 1.17 lbs at \$5.85.
Plymouth sold Drake 6 choice butchers' steers at 1.09 lbs at \$5.00.

Switzer & Ackley sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 25 head of fair butchers' stock at \$7.00 lbs at \$4.50.
Sly sold Drake 15 good shipping steers at 1.18 lbs at \$5.15.

Randall sold Sullivan 19 good shipping steers at 1.16 lbs at \$4.50, and 3 fair butchers' steers at \$5.00 lbs at \$5.00.
Clark sold DeJat 3 choice butchers' steers at 950 lbs at \$5.30.

Purdy sold Red 10 fair butchers' steers at 1,006 lbs at \$5.30.
Baywood sold Fieschman 4 fair butchers' steers at 1,285 lbs at \$5.00.

Brown sold Fieschman 2 feeders at 875 lbs at \$4.45.
Purdy sold Roe & Tucker 4 good butchers' steers at 1,035 lbs at \$5.00.

Tobin sold Rice 9 fair shipping steers at 1,114 lbs at \$5.50.
Haywood sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 14 head of fair butchers' stock at \$4.00 lbs at \$4.00.

Purdy sold John Devine 20 good shipping steers at 1,285 lbs at \$5.00.
Haywood sold Duff & Caplin 2 bulls at 1,900 lbs at \$4.90.

John Robinson 2 good butchers' heifers at 890 lbs at \$5.
Payne sold Rice 6 good butchers' steers at 961 lbs at \$5.00.

Clark sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 23 head of fair butchers' steers at 840 lbs at \$4.00.
Baywood sold Roe & Tucker 2 good butchers' steers at 1,050 lbs at \$5.50, less \$3 on the lot.

SHEEP.
The offerings of sheep numbered 1,805, against 148 last week. The demand for sheep at the opening was active at last week's rates, but later in the day despatches from New York brought the information that dealers in pelts at that point had cut prices 25 to 37½ cents per pelt. This news caused a let up in business and the market closed with a dull feeling.

Ramsey sold John Devine 16 at 101 lbs at \$6.
Burlingame sold Wreford & Beck 200 at 99 lbs at \$2.25.

Switzer & Ackley sold Wreford & Beck 80 at \$5.70.
Bird sold Wreford & Beck 111 at 83 lbs at \$5.70.

Stabler sold Wreford & Beck 88 at 70 lbs at \$5.75.
Fitzpatrick sold 15 at 90 lbs at \$6.30.
Stabler sold Fitzpatrick 21 at 82 lbs at \$5.85.

Spencer sold Wreford & Beck 70 at 86 lbs at \$6.40.
Lomason sold Wreford & Beck 174 at 87 lbs at \$6.40.

Major sold Wreford & Beck 80 lambs at 80 lbs at \$4.25.
Drake sold Wreford & Beck 44 at 95 lbs at \$5.12½.

Lowell sold Wreford & Beck 137 at 104 lbs at \$5.12½.
Jedele sold Wreford & Beck 180 at 95 lbs at \$4.12½.

Hagerman sold Wreford & Beck 181 lambs at 65 lbs at \$4.25.
HOES.
The offerings of hogs numbered 315, against 356 last week. There was a good demand for the small supply of hogs, and the receipts were taken at full last week's rates.

Beardley sold Wreford & Beck 63 at 175 lbs at \$7.45.
Goodworth sold Webb Bros 19 at 217 lbs at \$7.50.

LINN & EVANS,

GENERAL COMMISSION.

— IN —
FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

G. W. LINN, 100 South Water Street, apbwoy Chicago, Ill.
R. L. EVANS.

Stabler sold Webb Bros 20 at 182 lbs at \$7.30.
Devine sold Hammond 18 at 202 lbs at \$7.65.
Payne sold Hammond 26 at 190 lbs at \$7.50.
Ramsay sold Wreford & Beck 37 at 147 lbs at \$7.25.
Brown sold Webb Bros 18 at 187 lbs at \$7.25.

King's Yards.
Monday, April 16, 1883.

CATTLE.
The market opened up at these yards with 350 head of cattle on sale. There was a fair attendance of buyers, but business dragged somewhat, and the prices obtained did not average quite as high as those at the Central Yards on Saturday. The market closed with everything sold.

Purdy Bros sold Metcfe a mixed lot of 15 head of fair butchers' stock at 880 lbs at \$4.00.
Harger sold Loosemore 3 coarse cows at 906 lbs at \$4.25.

Wallace sold Oberhoff 3 choice oxen at 523 lbs at \$6, and 3 choice butchers' steers at 943 lbs at \$4.50.
Aldrich sold John Loosemore 7 fair butchers' steers at 885 lbs at \$5.

Wallace sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 4 head of good butchers' stock at 1,070 lbs at \$4.80.
Freeman sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock at 973 lbs at \$4.50.

Clark sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock at 819 lbs at \$4.70, less \$3 on the lot.
Freeman sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 6 head of good butchers' stock at 575 lbs at \$4.85.

Nott sold Kammer 3 choice butchers' heifers and a steer at 955 lbs at \$5.50.
Bliss sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 4 head of thin butchers' stock at 775 lbs at \$4.25.

Nott sold Wreford & Beck 3 good butchers' steers and heifers at 825 lbs at \$5.30.
Harger sold Wreford & Beck 14 good butchers' steers and heifers at 890 lbs at \$5.25.

Pickering sold Sullivan 4 fair butchers' steers at 87 lbs at \$3, and 2 coarse cows at 860 lbs at \$4.
Aldrich sold Wreford & Beck a mixed lot of 16 head of good butchers' stock at 840 lbs at \$4.60.

Cheney sold Knott 4 choice butchers' steers at 920 lbs at \$5.02½.
Allison sold Sullivan 3 fair butchers' steers at 970 lbs at \$5.

McHugh sold Robertson 2 fair butchers' steers at 880 lbs at \$5.15, and 2 to Metcfe at 855 lbs at \$5.
Bliss sold Wreford & Beck a mixed lot of 11 head of good butchers' stock at 863 lbs at \$4.80.

Brant sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 12 head of good butchers' stock at 973 lbs at \$5, and 4 coarse cows at 1,052 lbs at \$4.
Sheldon sold John Robinson 4 thin butchers' heifers at 780 lbs at \$4.00.

Brown sold Fieschman 25 choice butchers' steers at 922 lbs at \$5.20, and 2 feeders and a cow at 800 lbs at \$4.37½.

Buffalo.
CATTLE.—Receipts, 11,233, against 11,487 the previous week. The market opened up on Monday with 190 car loads of cattle on sale, and buyers and sellers apart in their views. Sellers had to make concessions of 10 to 20 cents below the prices of the Monday previous. At the decline a fair business was done, the best steers on sale bringing \$8.50 @ 9.00; good to choice, \$6.40 @ 6.80, and fair to medium, \$5.80 @ 6.30. Mixed butchers' stock brought \$4.50 @ 5.00; stockers, \$3.50 @ 4.00; feeders, \$4.00 @ 4.50. The market was steady on Tuesday, and on Wednesday with light receipts the market ruled firm and a shade higher. Of Michigan cattle 10 steers at 1,190 lbs at \$5.90; 15 do at 1,278 lbs at \$5.25; 11 do at 1,068 lbs at \$6.10; 18 do at 1,056 lbs at \$5.75; 25 do at 1,022 lbs at \$6.30; 31 at 1,020 lbs at \$5.50; 18 do at 1,517 lbs at \$6.75; 33 mixed butchers at 976 lbs at \$5.10; 37 do at 1,054 lbs at \$5.05; 34 stockers at 582 lbs at \$4.50; 15 at 757 lbs at \$4.75; 20 at 830 lbs at \$4.40; 49 feeders at 846 lbs at \$5.22; 20 at 941 lbs at \$5.24; 24 do at 932 lbs at \$5.25. Market yesterday buoyant. Light steers sold at \$5.25; 575; medium to good, \$6.00 @ 6.50; extras, \$6.75 @ 7.00. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:
Extra Beves—Graded steers weighing 1,000 lbs and upwards.....\$6 75 @ 7 00
Choice Beves—Fine, fat, well formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs.....6 25 @ 6 60
Good Beves—Well fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs.....5 65 @ 6 00
Medium Grades—Steers in fair flesh, weighing 1,100 to 1,200 lbs.....5 30 @ 5 60
Good Butchers' Beves—Light, fat steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs.....4 85 @ 5 25
Heifers—Fair to choice.....4 50 @ 5 20
Cows and Heifers—Good to choice.....4 00 @ 4 25
Bees and Cows—Good to choice.....4 50 @ 5 00
Mixed Butchers' Stock—Common steers, stags, old cows, light heifers, etc.....4 00 @ 4 25
Feeders—Good to choice western, weighing from 900 to 1,000.....5 00 @ 5 20
Canadian Heifers—Good to choice, 800 to 900 lbs.....3 50 @ 4 00
Stock Steers—Western, weighing 800 to 900 lbs.....3 75 @ 4 00
Stock butchers' steers in fair flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.....4 25 @ 4 50
Bees—Fair to good.....4 00 @ 4 20
Bees average.....4 00 @ 4 20

SHEEP.—Receipts, 14,400, against 30,800 the previous week. The supply of sheep on Monday was fair, but the market was dull, and sellers holding for higher prices, and in some instances they succeeded in obtaining it. There was a further improvement on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the advance since Monday amounted to a strong 10¢ to 15¢ per hundred, the market closing firm, with fair to good Michigan sheep at 20 to 30 lbs selling at \$5.75 @ 6.50; 80 to 100 lbs do, \$5.40 @ 6.00; good to choice 100 to 110 lbs do, \$5.75 @ 6.25; 110 to 125 lbs do, \$5.75 @ 6.25. Lambs, \$5.00 @ 5.50. We note sale at Michigan sheep at 121 lbs at \$7.25; 345 at 115 lbs at \$7.25; 150 at 111 lbs at \$7.25; 137 at 107 lbs at \$7.25; 107 at 101 lbs at \$6.85; 177 at 98 lbs at \$6.85; 133 at 88 lbs at \$6.85; 148 at 91 lbs at \$6.85; 236 at 124 lbs at \$7.30; 18 at 117 lbs at \$7.30; 184 at 82 lbs at \$6.20; 232 lambs at 71 lbs at \$7.50; 214 at 63 lbs at \$7.50; 160 at 91 lbs at \$7.50; 25 at 75 lbs at \$7.50; 72 lbs at \$7.50. Market yesterday dull and tending downward. Fair to good western, \$5.50 @ 6.00; choice to fancy, \$6.75 @ 7.00; western, \$5.50 @ 6.00.

HOGS.—Receipts, 15,785, against 24,085 the previous week. For the three days of the week there was a fair supply and a good demand at last week's rates, but towards the close on Wednesday the market eased off, and trading was done at a slight decline, the offerings were closed out at Yorkers, good to choice sold at \$7.00 @ 7.25; fair to good, \$6.50 @ 6.75; medium grades, fair to choice, \$7.50 @ 7.75; good to extra heavy, \$7.00 @ 7.25; pigs, common to choice, \$6.75 @ 7.00; skips and culls, \$5.50 @ 6.50.

Chicago.
CATTLE.—Receipts, 26,045, against 27,864 last week. Shipments, 15,785. The market opened on Monday last with an active demand and firm prices. Eastern markets were no higher, but the supply was very light, and kept prices up on most grades. On medium and light stock steers were advanced 10¢ to 15¢ per 100 lbs. Common stuff sold at \$2.50 @ 3.50 to butchers and canners; common to good cows at \$4.00 @ 4.50; bulls and oxen at \$3.75 @ 5.00; light and medium sheep sold at \$5.00 @ 5.75, and choice grades at \$6.00 @ 6.50. The balance of the week, under discouraging advices from the eastern and foreign trade, prices declined and the market was dull and weak. Receipts were not very heavy or there would have been a further decline. On Saturday the market was passably active, with prices, however, considerably lower than on Monday. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:
Extra Beves—Graded steers weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs and upwards.....\$6 50 @ 6 70
Choice Beves—Fine, fat, well formed 3-year to 5-year-old steers, weighing 1,200 to 1,400 lbs.....6 50 @ 6 70
Good Beves—Well fattened steers, weighing 1,100 to 1,300 lbs.....6 15 @ 6 40
Medium Grades—Steers in fair flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.....5 75 @ 6 00
Butchers' Stock—Inferior to common steers and heifers, for city slaughter, weighing 1,000 to 1,000 lbs.....3 75 @ 4 05
Inferior—Light and thin cows, heifers, stags, bulls, and culls.....2 50 @ 3 50
Veals—Per 100 lbs.....4 50 @ 5 75

HOGS.—Receipts, 45,764, against 59,382 last week. Shipments, 25,419. Hogs started out well at the beginning of the week, and prices were advanced by sellers, but as the week passed packers and shippers were not such active buyers as expected, and there was a gradual softening in prices. On Tuesday the market closed at \$7.25 @ 7.50 for poor to prime light, at \$7.25 @ 7.50 for inferior to good mixed, and at \$7.00 @ 7.25 for poor to prime heavy. On Wednesday the market was active and stronger at an advance of 10¢ to 15¢ per hundred over Saturday's prices, and made up for the decline during the week.